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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Watchman of the Valley.

SLAVERY AS IT IS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I always feel a delicacy in making statements relative to the cruelties of Slavery, seeing there are so many persons disposed to call in question the truth of such statements. There are a good many honest-minded persons who, although they have lived in a slave State, yet, owing to their retired habits and location, have never seen much, if any, of those enormities which we talk about; hence they are disposed to look with a good deal of distrust at such statements, and even go so far, sometimes, as to pronounce them all "abolition lies." But I suppose this should not deter us from exposing this dark and deep-rooted abomination, so long as "we speak that which we do know, and testify to that which we have seen." I am utterly at a loss to know where to begin or end. I will commence with North Carolina, my native State. When I was a small boy, going to school, I passed by neighbour ——— and frequently saw old Aaron tied up to the mulberry tree in the yard. We have heard his screams at my father's, a mile. I learned from the children at school that one reason why old Aaron had to be tied up so often was, that he would always interfere in behalf of his wife, or little Aaron (his son) when they were about to get a flogging. Old Aaron used to lie out for weeks at a time, being so hard pressed, and everybody thought it was all right thus to learn him subjection. Neighbour ——— was a member of the Church.

Let us now pass to South Carolina: In the years 1817-18, I resided in the family of a rich slaveholding elder, and not a week passed without witnessing cases of cruelty. I have seen an old and decrepit woman, fifty or sixty years of age, whipped severely by her master; I have seen an orphan boy, six or seven years old, frequently beat on the head with a case-knife, until the blood ran down his cheeks, by his mistress. The top of his head was almost always in a jelly. I have seen men, women, and children, all huddled down together at night, having nothing but a single blanket each, to wrap themselves in. I had frequently to turn riding patrol, as it is called, to which every one was liable who was on the muster roll; and during these excursions I never entered a slave-cabin but scenes of this kind were to be seen. And take altogether, I never saw any difference between the slave-hut of a professor of religion or that of a non-professor. I might here relate facts too revolting to delicacy, from which I can but turn away with loathing. During my stay in South Carolina an effort was made by a black man, who had learned to read, in spite of the disabilities which surrounded him, to start a Sunday school for the purpose of trying to teach some of the black people to read; and after getting leave from most of the masters around, he commenced; but in a few days it was broken up, not a single slaveholder giving any assistance; a few others did.

We will now take a quick passage into Tennessee. There I witnessed another Sunday school for the blacks broken up for want of co-operation on the part of the slaveholders.

Neighbour ——— was an elder and a slaveholder, and, at the time of my first acquaintance with him, he was very tender on the subject of Slavery, exceedingly anxious for some opening to present itself, through which he could get rid of his slaves. He, at length, became so much disturbed about it, that he concluded he must have his slave children baptized at least, and ventured to name it to Parson ———. I never after heard a word from him in opposition to Slavery, but much in its favour. The children remained unbaptized, and he has sold, at least, one since.

Neighbour ——— was another elder who could never bear the idea of dying and leaving his slaves in Slavery. He favoured colonization. He did die, and his slaves were scattered to the four winds.

Neighbour ——— was the son of a rich slaveholder. After he married he was awakened, and obtained a hope under the preaching of Dr. ———, and from his first religious impressions he was sorely troubled on account of Slavery. He appeared to have no idea that it was at all consistent with a profession of Christianity, and for a long time I never heard him pray, but he remembered "Africa groaning in her chains," which was his favoured expression. I have frequently heard him say that he dreaded nothing so much as meeting his slaves at the bar of God. His talents being deemed something more than ordinary, he was induced to turn his attention to the ministry. The object which he now had in view, necessarily called him to form new associations, and his Anti-Slavery zeal gradually diminished until you would scarcely ever hear him name it. He finally moved to Texas, where he is now, if alive, a Presbyterian minister; what his feelings now are on this subject I have no means of knowing. I had a very dear friend, a man of more than ordinary natural abilities, whose Anti-Slavery feeling was so strong that he come well nigh being mobbed at a certain time. He was also persuaded to turn his attention to the work of the ministry; he soon became hushed up on that subject; his opposition to abolitionism became so inveterate that he finally espoused the doctrine that Slavery was a Bible institution: he has gone to his final account, and his son is making, if possible, still farther advances in this soul-chilling doctrine.

Being down South, last spring, I was permitted to see a little of the workings of the oral-instruction system, which is so much talked of now in the South, and heard a minister preach to a company of blacks. His object was to explain and enforce the ten commandments. When he came to the fifth commandment, he insisted very much on *honouring* their parents, but never told the children "to obey their parents." One minister told me that there were two or three slaves in his church that could make a more sensible prayer than their masters, and on inquiry he told me they could read. And when I asked an elder in the same church if they made any effort to teach them to read in the Sabbath school for the blacks, which he was describing, his reply was, "O, no, that will never do here yet."

In a tour a few years since through the State of Tennessee, the following scene presented itself, and although it had but little novelty about it to me, having witnessed the like before, yet its atrocious character is none the less on that account. On entering the city of Nashville, from the East, a steamboat was ringing her bell, just ready to be off down the Cumberland. A company of slaves, men, women, and children, were driven up to the landing—some of them manacled together—as freight for the Southern market; and as they had been brought up in the neighbourhood, they were busy in taking leave for the last time on earth, as they appeared conscious, of their friends and relations; and such a scene of bitter lamentation and weeping, I suppose, never was more than equalled in Rama. As if to heighten the climax of despair, and make it resemble, as much as possible, our ideas of the pit, the fiendish driver was running about with an infant in his arms, endeavouring to give it away from its mother, amid her shrieks and agonized wailings.—Having stopped a few moments to gaze upon this hard sight, and recollecting that hereabouts Dresser received his dressing, I urged my way forward about a mile, where I stopped for the night. And where should it be but at the father-in-law of the same wretch of a slave-driver. You, perhaps, can imagine something of my feelings when I found myself in such company; but by remaining silent I learned several very important facts. One was, that the son-in-law did not succeed in getting any one to take the infant; but the consolation was that he would not go far before he would succeed. Another one was, that some time previous a man, a hundred miles off, had procured two infant children thus, and carried them all the way home in a wallet swung across his horse, with holes in the wallet for their heads, and after keeping them a very few years, he sold one of them for six hundred dollars.

But, Messrs. Editors, we will be told that these are only rare cases, and therefore, this is not a fair representation of the workings of Slavery. Now I believe this idea is perfectly delusive. If they are rare cases, why do we not see them in the Southern papers, as other rare cases. Did you ever see an account of this last affair in the Nashville papers?—No. It is such a legitimate result of the system of Slavery, that it attracts little or no attention or concern at the South.

W. M. ALLISON.

Washington County, (Ia.) April 5th, 1847.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

SLAVE-TRADING IN DELAWARE.

We are indebted to a friend residing in the southern part of Delaware for a letter, from which we take the following:

"This morning I observed a villainous-looking 'gentleman' on the tavern porch. Asking who he was, I was answered he was a 'man-dealer.' He was covered with whiskers, and gold chain and finger-rings, &c. &c. He has come to attend a *Sheriff's sale* of two black men who are here in gaol,—one of them under a criminal charge. The case of this one is something like that in the last Freeman. Let me tell the story:

"Some time last winter, the Coroner was called to view the body of a coloured woman, found on the road, about three miles from town. She was a free woman, poor, and a rather worthless creature—had been to town the night before, and started very late for home in company with other coloured people. The verdict of the jury, "Death by the visitation of God," was laughed at at the time, as a *good joke*; as it was notorious that most individuals of the jury were privately of opinion the woman was killed, for she had the mark of a blow on the back of the head; and the slave of a man in the neighbourhood was, at the moment, suspected on good grounds. I was pleased myself at the *verdict*, and disposed to give the jury credit for a reluctance to *originate a capital trial*, (a better feeling than can be commonly looked for in a *Delaware* jury). But I have lately found out the secret. The deceased was a worthless free woman, and had no friends to prosecute the affair. The supposed murderer was a valuable slave, and his conviction would have been a loss to his owner, without any benefit to the State. (A tacit admission, by the way, that hanging does nobody any good.) Since that time, the slave's master has imprisoned him on a criminal charge, (theft perhaps;) and, according to statute in such cases made and provided, he is to be sold, to secure his value to his owner, and save the county the trouble of administering justice in his case. This is, I believe the only case in which a slave may be legally sold *out of* the State, viz: if he is imprisoned *under charge of crime*.

"The other man is to be sold to 'cure him of running away,' which he has attempted two or three times. Whether *running away* is esteemed by the law of Delaware 'crime,' I am not informed; but either on that ground, or because running away is specified in the Act, I am suspicious that this man is liable to be sold also *out of the State*. The 'gentleman' I spoke of, taking an 'interest' in the poor fellow's case, has come to attend the sale. I am happy to add, that *his business* is unanimously despised by the people of this place—though as to the law that patronizes him, they express no decided opinion. That law, in fact, is now the most aggravated feature of Slavery in Delaware; a thousand iniquities are practised under it. Whenever a man wants to sell a slave for a good price—in other words *to a Southerner*, which he may not do legally without crime in the slave—he has only to throw a temptation in the poor fellow's way, (for instance, lay a $10 bill somewhere where the slave can't help but take it,) set some one to catch him in the act, apprehend him, imprison him, and have him sold for a fine sum to Maryland or Carolina. This thing is done often, and I could name those who have done it. This is the plan used with such as evince an intention to run away.

"Whether the law was designed to be used or was only a mistaken attempt to provide against certain offences, it *is* a great abuse of justice and humanity. But the act against selling slaves out of this state, is a very lame and inefficient one; they are sold out daily. Good men of influence would find it worth while, I believe, to urge an amendment to that statute, which would make it efficient; and I see no reason why it could not easily be done. I can't help but think the matter is overlooked by some who would feel interested in it, *in New Castle county*, if brought to their attention. The facts may not even be known there, for they occur chiefly in Sussex County. I have mentioned it to several of our popular men, but it don't suit *them* to care about it, though they acknowledge the want of legislation on the matter. Could not *you* suggest it to some of your friends in Wilmington—Anti-Slavery citizens—whether a law might not be passed, requiring every man who sells a slave to account for him by recording the sale in some office of the county? He is now indictable only if some one *informs* that he has sold a slave *out* of the State. His neighbours, who alone may be acquainted with the fact, are not likely to interfere with a privilege which they may want to use themselves some day."

Speaking of Easton, (Md) the writer says:

"The chief feature of the place is its *darkness*.—The population is a white figure on a black ground; a popular fabric, you know, that side of Mason & Dixon's line. But Easton is in the 'tip of the mode' as the man described the West India hurricane: the 'air is filled with little niggers.' A *respectable* white man must not be seen with his coat off, unless to flog a servant. But the old Juggernaut is getting a little rotten at the wheels — at least on *this* side of the structure; and the weakness is eating into Maryland sensibly. A Maryland slave-dealer never shows himself this side of the line, but sends some rowdy of an agent to buy here: and when he brings home his property, he says as little about it as possible. Every year this kind of trade requires more and more manœuvring and night work."

Pro-Slavery.

From the Charleston Mercury.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

The daily indication of a firm and settled determination on the part of the South to present an undivided front to the enemies of her honour and her interests, whether calling themselves Whigs or Democrats, are most cheering. Alabama, through her Democratic State Convention, has clearly defined her position; Mississippi has spoken in the reply of her patriotic Governor to the Virginia Resolutions; and from the tone of the Republican press in Georgia, we feel assured that the Democratic Convention, to be held in June next, will be equally emphatic in its repudiation of all political sympathy or association with Wilmot Abolitionism, its aiders or abettors. Of the many indications of public sentiment in Georgia, it gives us peculiar pleasure to refer to the leading article of the last Columbus *Times*, as worthy of a true son of the South, and of the honoured name the editor bears. We are precluded from copying more than the following:

"As a Southern man, our mind is filled with the contemplation of the future aspect of this most momentous question. There is danger nigh—a crisis at hand, but little dreamed of by many, but which is plainly foreshadowed by the ground-swell heaving the ocean of public Northern opinion. We should be preparing for it, and we have been anxiously waiting for the Whig press to give warning of it to their people, and lived in the hope that when the time came, party distinctions would be swept away by the vast interests and powerful sympathies of a common brotherhood and destiny, jeoparded by threats of the most reckless and vilest aggression.

"The power, thank God, is in the hands of the assailed, when the tug comes. Heroic firmness is needed, and nothing more. so to wield that power as to defend the right and to punish the aggressor.—When the cloud bursts, we have little fear but that party interests will go down before the overpowering interest of self-preservation, and the South be found ready to meet the onset as did the Missippi rifles at Buena Vista.

"We deem it a sacred duty, to use our poor influence as a public journalist to prepare the minds of our Southern brethren for the defensive struggle that is coming.

"Abolition at the North has ceased to be the mere spasmodic ravings of a morbid fanaticism. It has passed from the chrysalis state into a strong and pervading political hostility to the South, and a resolute purpose, that slave political influence shall be strangled in the councils of the Federal Government. It is an unprovoked, basely selfish aggression upon a section of the Union, which has heretofore borne its more than full share of the burdens of war and taxation—which has asked no favour of Congress or the North, no protection to its domestic interests, no public alms to open its rivers and build its public highways, but only asked for fidelity to the Constitution, and the common justice of *being let alone*. Its request is, has been, and will be unheeded, and now the time is at hand, when Northern folly and tyranny means to try practically how far Southern freemen will submit to insults and wrongs, in comparison to which British colonial vassalage, with its stamp acts and tea taxes, were mildness itself. As the North is determined, the course of the South is clear. It is abject submission, or firm and victorious resistance. It is to yield to one extortion only to be kicked into another, or it is to let our selfish brothers at the North know, that the blood of our common heritage, flowing in our veins, rebels against oppression and slavery in any form in which it may be presented. The Southern States must be the equals of all their peers in the Union, or the Union is a farce to them. The Southern States will assail the bonds that unite us, by no overt act of wrong or violence, but they will shatter even the beautiful temples of our fathers' hands and perish in its ruins, before they will submit to the insolent and degrading conditions of the Wilmot Proviso."

☞ The Locos and the Abolitionists sympathize very closely in their alarm at the Taylor movement. It is difficult to tell which is in a condition of the deepest distress, especially as each party have different ways of manifesting their grief—the former by their long faces and their death-like throes for retaining the spoils, and the latter by long drawn sighs, and hypocritical professions of attachment to the *cause of humanity*.

Their free-trade creed, shows the depth of their love for the mass of the people, especially that large class of our citizens who depend upon their labour for support. No wonder they feel afraid of the nomination of Rough & Ready, or any other good Whig who goes for protecting the labour of our own citizens, and thus place us as a nation above dependence upon any foreign power. If they would make the public believe they are sincere in their professions, they should bring *ne vile fano* as their gift for the oppressed.—*Western State Journal.*

From the Georgia Times.

THE PRESIDENCY—MR. BENTON.

A letter, from Senator Benton, in another place, deserves consideration. He takes the ground that inasmuch as during the existence of the Government, the Democratic party at the North has given but one successful presidential candidate, and that one, for a single term only, that justice and expediency require that the Democratic candidate for 1848 should be a Northern man. He repudiates what he calls the new "test" of faith raised at the South, and founded upon "Slavery propagandism," as at enmity with the existence of parties founded on *principles*—as leading to sectionalism, and finally, as tending to the dissolution of the Union. These sentiments and opinions would be sound and true, were they well timed. The North is entitled to give to the Democratic party the next candidate, if the North can give us one faithful to Democratic views of the Constitution, and therefore just to the South and her institutions. We will say, moreover, that the North *can* give us such a man, if she will. Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, with as firm a Southern heart as Messrs. Benton's or Calhoun's, is such a man. *But will the North give him to us?* Does Mr. Benton believe that the North will give us any man who is not "fishy" on the Wilmot Proviso question? And does Mr. Benton advise us at the South to take any man who is not as firm as adamant upon that question?

Mr. Benton almost seems to reproach the South for what it terms these new "tests" and issues.—Who made them? Did the South? Have they not been crowded upon the South, against its will, its interests, its tastes? Have we not borne and forborne? begged to be let alone in the name of peace and patriotism; for the sake of our happy land, glorious Union, and unequalled Government? And in despite of all our entreaties, our arguments, our appeals, the mingled fanaticism and avarice of political power at the North, has applied "tests" to us which "no *Southern* man can stand."

The following remarks on the above article from the *Times*, are made by the editor of the *Charleston Mercury*:

THE SOUTH—THE PRESIDENCY.

The Columbus, (Ga.) Times puts, as every Southern man should do, the question of the next Presidency on the true ground, and the man he indicates, Levi Woodbury, has as true a heart, as sound a head, as South or North could furnish. We know and respect the man for his virtue, his abilities, and his honesty, and we should feel that the rights, and honour, and feelings of the South would be as much respected by him, if in power, as "the noblest Roman of them all."

Every Southern State and Statesman should make this fidelity to the Constitution the pre-requisite, the cardinal qualification of the candidate, and declare, as Alabama and Virginia have done, that no man, nominated or not nominated, can get their votes who is not as "firm as adamant on this question."

From the Charleston Mercury.

THE WILMOT PROVISO—PEACE WITH MEXICO.

The latest news from Mexico gives more hopes for a peace, than any we have had since the commencement of this unhappy war. We are of those who, while we have deeply lamented its existence, have always believed the shortest way of ending it was, to prosecute it with vigour, and yet with forbearance and kindness—to force, and at the same time persuade, to a peace. We rejoice at the opening prospects for a peace; but our joy is not unclouded with anxiety. Will a peace with Mexico bring peace, and safety, and honour to the South? In what position are her interests, her institutions, and her honour to be placed? Are we to be continued into equality, or degraded into insulted, disfranchised inferiors, whose money and blood have been used to win broad lands at the point of the sword, into which our people and their institutions are forbidden to enter? The bones of Southern soldiers lie under the turf at Monterey, Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo—fields of glory, fattened with Southern blood; but we are insolently told that if they fall under the rule of the stars and stripes, no Southern man shall go there with the institutions he loves, and the property bequeathed him by his ancestors.

It is a painful but a necessary duty to keep their true situation before the people of the South. It may suit the mean-spirited, the traitors, the timid, the time-serving, to shun the issues—to hide their eyes—to shut out the truth; but these miserable expedients neither prove that no danger exists, nor provide a remedy against its mighty consequences. Does it exist? Is there a resolute and fixed design to enforce the exclusion of Southern institutions from any and all territory which we may acquire in this space?

It may not be amiss to strike a balance sheet, and show the South how this question stands. The first vote was made by Mr. WILMOT, *a professing Democrat*, of Pennsylvania; it passed the House of Representatives in the session of 1846, by a vote of eighty-five to eighty. It declared *that Slavery never should be allowed in any territory hereafter acquired*. At the last session, Mr. PRESTON KING, the *Democratic* representative of Mr. SILAS WRIGHT's district, renewed the same provision, and it subsequently passed by a still larger majority. Ten States, viz: New-York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Michigan, have, by Legislative resolutions, almost unanimously insulted the South with the same degrading declaration. More recently, the Democratic Governor of Maine, Mr. DANA, and the Democratic Governor of New Hampshire, Mr. WILLIAMS, have gone out of their way to proclaim the same insulting declarations as the "fixed and unalterable purpose" of "the free States." The Legislatures of several of the free States have, for some years, been withdrawing the aid of their laws, for the reclamation of fugitive slaves. Massachusetts has been especially prominent, and Pennsylvania lately has made it a punishable offence to give the aid allowed and enjoined by the Constitution of the United States, and by the comity and good feeling which is due from a sister to a sovereign confederate State. The press, Whig and Democratic, teems with the same hostile spirit to our institutions, and approves that proviso, which would strip the South of her rights, and strike a fatal stab at her security and honour. So much for the aggressor's side.

How stands our line of defence? Has the South been equally unanimous, prompt, bold and resolute in defending her honour, asserting her rights, and proclaiming her "fixed and unalterable determination" not to submit to this position of inferiority and degradation? We feel humiliated at the answer. Some have spoken and acted as bold and free men should speak and act. They have proclaimed the danger, and pointed out the remedy, and they have been assailed and vilified—their motives impeached, and their recommendations falsified and misrepresented. Men in high places have sung false songs of security, and lulled and cheated a betrayed people into a sleep, that will have no waking but in ruin and dishonour. Consulting only their bitter hatred of those who sound the alarm, or intent on the triumph of a faction, they would palm off on the country as a great party, they wickedly stifle every instinct of self-preservation in the great mass, that they may still continue to suck up their substance, and fatten on the spoils of office. Party, with them, is principle; and power, Presidency, and patronage, stand before patriotism, the property, institutions, and honour of the slave States. We have seen, with especial pain, that a Senator of Missouri, instead of applying his great talents and influence to rebuke the aggressions of the free States, has so far forgotten facts, and been led astray by personal hostility, as to apologize for our assailants, and to charge the aggression on the South. We have had little *help* at his hands, it is true, on this vital question. He did *not* aid us in getting that great barrier, Texas; but we are not prepared to see him betray the South and join the enemy, when they were thundering at the very gates of the Constitution.

But we have been led away from our purpose. We return to show how the account stands on the side of the defenders of the South and her institutions. The first and foremost stands old Virginia. Both her Legislature and her people, without distinction of party, promptly rejected and denounced the Wilmot Proviso, and declared their "unalterable and fixed determination" not to submit to its principles, but to resist them, if need be, with arms in hand. The Democratic Convention of Alabama, and her people in primary meetings, without distinction of party, have made the same unflinching declarations. The Governor of Mississippi, the fearless and manly BROWN, has spoken for the land of DAVIS, and the heroes of Buena Vista. The people of South Carolina have spoken with Virginia. What Georgia will say, or rather what the Democrats of Georgia will say, next Monday will tell. She will hardly be as a sheep, dumb at the slaughter of her rights, and patient in submission to indignity and insult, which would have kindled all the fires of her Jacksons, Crawfords, and Throups, in the days when men dared to speak and act their minds.

The Whigs of the South we will not, cannot doubt. Party ties must be snapt as cobwebs when the existence of our institutions, and the honour and equality of the slave States is assailed. This is now the case; and the instant peace is signed with Mexico, begins that far more vital struggle, which will prefigure, precede, and shape the destinies of the slave States. Shall we be sleeping on our posts, or found *animis opibusque parati?*

Slave Case.—A few days since the Spanish bark Lembranca, arrived at this port having on board three Brazilian slaves. On Saturday last the fact leaked out, and in a few moments quite a collection of negroes and Abolitionists assembled at the foot of Rosevelt street, where the vessel was lying. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a *habeas corpus* was sued out by John Jay, attorney for the Abolitionists, and the three slaves, two males and a female, were brought before Judge Daley, at Chambers. The captain of the vessel desired the attendance and protection of the Consul of his country; and for the purpose of gratifying him, the judge adjourned the hearing of the cause until twelve o'clock this day. His Honour remanded the two negroes to the custody of the Sheriff, and ordered the negress to return to her mistress on board the vessel. The slaves were neatly clad in blue nankeen, which exhibited a striking contrast, between themselves and the cluster of our native, ill-clad negroes which surrounded them, seeking, by all sorts of signs, as they could not speak each others' language, to impress them with the beauties of freedom. The slaves appear to be about twenty-two years of age. The two negroes seemed to have caught the infection, but the negress turned from every importunity, and pointed with anxious solicitude toward her mistress on board the bark.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Selections.

From the Examiner

ONE OF THE CAUSES.

Last week we gave statistics and arguments for the purpose of establishing this fact; that Slavery, where long continued, would wither and waste the power, and stop the growth of any State which upheld it. We desire to show *how* this operates, necessarily, upon a large class of our citizens—upon these non-slaveholders who labour, and live by labour, whether mechanics or farmers, or every day workmen.

Why is it that so many of this class, native born, quit Kentucky? How comes it, that we help to swell the numbers, and increase the wealth of the Northwest, and yet every two years, find the decennial increase of population diminishing?—Whence is it that we, in common with all the slave States, are losing power, and while the free States are enlarging theirs! These are questions worth studying—questions which the patriot and Statesman must study, and answer, too, if he would do his whole duty. Let us see if we can solve them as regards the labouring class.

1st. Where Slavery exists, labour is not respected as it should be.

One of the most fearful effects of Slavery, is that it stamps labour with dishonour. It is thought slavish. True, we find mechanics who are great enough to rise above this prejudice; to do their duty amid the most trying difficulties. True, also, is it, that we have planters brave and just men, who toil by the side of their slaves, and teach their children to toil as they do. But these are exceptions to the general rule. The general effect of Slavery, is to make labour slavish in the opinions of most men, and, therefore, to render it disreputable. Mr. L. Marshall, of Fauquier County, Virginia, in debate in the Legislature of that State, in 1845, went so far as to say:

"Slavery is ruinous to the whites. The master has no capital but what is invested in HUMAN FLESH. The father, instead of being richer for his sons, is at a loss to provide for them. There is no diversity of occupations, no incentive to enterprise. *Labour of every species is disreputable*, because performed mostly by slaves. Our towns are stationary, our villages almost everywhere declining, and the general aspect of the country marks the curse of a wasteful, idle, reckless population, who have no interest in the soil, and care not how much it is impoverished."

This language, doubtless, is strictly true when applied to Virginia; but it could not be so literally applied to Kentucky. Counteracting causes come in to mitigate the evil. Our contiguity to flourishing free States help us out of it. Still, we feel every evil he enumerates, and there is not a Southern man, who has thought on the subject, who does not *know*, as a general rule, that Slavery makes labour a badge of dishonour.

2d. This difficulty oppresses heavily and directly the white labouring classes.

Of this fact, there is scarcely room for doubt or dispute. Let us place ourselves, if we would test it, in the position of non-slaveholders, mechanics, or small farmers. They have to work. They have no way to get their food, except by the sweat of their brow. And they do work, day in and day out, with hard, unrelenting toil. But in sight of the shop where they are engaged, or beyond the fence surrounding the ground they till, they see slaves employed as they are. Their owners, with here and there an exception, do not soil their hands with hammer or hoe, nor ply with muscles, plane or plough. They direct, the slaves alone labour. Now, what, under these circumstances, must be the feelings of the mechanics and small farmers? *How should we feel if situated like them?* We should be discontented with our lot; loathe our social condition; loathe labour; and nothing but an uncontrollable necessity would compel us to submit. We should emigrate; go to the mountains; go anywhere to get clear of such groaning annoyances. Say what we please about despising outward influences—prate as eloquently as we may as to independence—there is not one in a thousand, who, if he could help himself, would not leave his native hearth, while thus humbled and borne down, and seek a new home where labour *is* respected, and where he could be first amongst the best. This consideration drives, as it has driven, thousands of brave fellows from Kentucky.

3d. This difficulty is made a terrible reality to non-slaveholding fathers by the effect it has upon their children.

A man, often, endures suffering rather than change. We know many such cases. A man from habit, in the hope that something better will turn up, may submit to inconvenience, or bear with the rankest oppression, rather than banish himself from his native sod. Instances of this kind are familiar to all. But no man does, or can submit to wrong when that wrong crushes the hopes of his children, or brings dishonour upon their names, nor is it right he should.

Consider, then, the case of these fathers, who, as small farmers, or poor mechanics, are obliged to keep their offspring in field, or shop, while all around them slaves are doing the work they do. The masters of these slaves would do no harm to these poor young whites; they mean none to them whatever; nay, they would help them if they could; but the very fact, that they keep aloof from all toil, that their boys shun it as a hated or despised thing, and sport in all the joyous freedom of youth, as free from care as the wild winds that blow by them, while their poorer slaves, under a broiling sun or the biting cold, are working on, heavily, and drudgingly, makes the institution of Slavery enter like iron into their souls. They might submit, were they alone concerned: but for their children's sake they cannot; and they go from us, and in a free land seek a fairer, happier field of action for them and theirs! Kentucky, from this cause, has helped to swell the population of many free States.

4th. This difficulty again presses home with tenfold severity upon non-slaveholders because of the conduct of the slaves.

Negroes are imitators beyond any portion of our race. They catch the manners of masters, and ape quickly the sentiment of the public. And, consequently, all over the South, we find them speaking of, and treating contemptuously the poorer whites—really affecting to pity nearly all those whites who labour. "Poor Buckra" is their phrase in South Carolina; "Poor trash," in Kentucky. Nor is this an evil that can be helped. We know planters who have laboured hard to check it. We know independent non-slaveholders, happening to live near large plantations, who have essayed to put down this insolence. But all in vain. It springs out of the institution itself. Besides, there are so many ways of showing contempt—in a look, tone of the voice, bearing of the frame, that the thing itself could be done, and done continually, without the sufferer being able even to notice it. He feels it, nevertheless—feels it bitterly, and to the quick. Imagine, then, non-slaveholders, besides enduring ills which come home to their hearths—which make them discontented — which blight their children's hopes, having, in some form or other, to submit to the scorn or scoff of the slave, and ask whether we would submit to all this? 'Tis idle to bosom about such things; we should go, and go at once. We can only glance at this point now. It operates widely, deeply; much more widely and deeply than most of us suppose. It drives the citizens from Kentucky, and keeps the mechanic away. It sends off the young and enterprising of the labouring classes from our soil, and makes it forbidden ground, at the same time, to those of like character who would settle here.

Now we do not mean, in anything we have said, to charge these evils upon slaveholders. They would arrest them if they could; they cannot. These evils are the natural result of the institution of Slavery, and, though they may be, and *are* modified by various circumstances, by the good sense and kindness of slave-owners, by religious feeling, by a generous public sentiment, yet they operate generally, and effectively, wherever Slavery exists. But what a field does this open to slaveholders! What an opportunity for self-sacrifice and greatness does it offer! Let them, looking to the good they might effect for the masses, and for themselves, too, go to the root of the difficulty, and say "great as it is, and mixed up and mingled in as it is, in every way, with our interests, politics, and social relations, we will yet labour to rid ourselves of it, so that the poorest man may have the best opportunity, and labour, in all its vocations, be upheld, and justly rewarded and the State be free and flourishing,"—and honour and glory and goodness would be their crown!

And thus will many of them reason, speak, and ACT. There is too much generosity and nobleness of heart among the planters of Kentucky not to help pluck out the theme which tears the State, and makes it bleed at every pore!

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT.

We are not a little proud that we can claim this lady as a native of Nantucket. Possessed of a remarkably clear and powerful intellect, she has, at the same time, all the refinement and beauty of the female character; and hence, she is an exceedingly winning and effective public speaker. All who hear her, appear to admit unhesitatingly, that in addressing public assemblies, she at least does not wander from her appropriate sphere. In a notice of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Boston, a few weeks since, the Post speaks as follows of one of the addresses of this lady:—

Mrs. Mott is said to be sixty-five years of age.* She speaks in a clear, sweet, and musical, but not strong voice. Her matter was well arranged; her language simple, but critically correct; and she stiched on proposition to proposition as adroitly, yet calmly, as if she were at home knitting a pair of socks for her sleeping grandchild, while she gently jogged its cradle with her well employed toe.

At the same Convention, Dr. Snodgrass, formerly of the Baltimore Saturday Visiter, recounted the history of his conversion to the Anti-Slavery cause, he being the son of a slaveholder:—

He attended an anti-slavery meeting in Baltimore, which was to be addressed by Mrs. Mott, for the purpose of reporting it, and blowing *it up*; but her remarks had such an effect upon him, that he went back to his office that night an altered man. The seeds of truth she scattered around her that evening with Christian earnestness and sweetness sunk into his heart, and there found a soil adapted to its growth.

We are informed that Mrs. Mott will probably visit Nantucket in a few weeks. We are glad to hear it, and trust we shall have an opportunity of hearing an address from her, on some one of the important moral subjects upon which she is in the habit of speaking in public.

*A mistake. Mrs. Mott, is not yet fifty years of age.—[ED. STANDARD.

LETTER FROM DR. COX, ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The Emancipator republishes the following letter from the Rev. Dr. Cox to Dr. Morrison, from the "Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle," London, 1834:

NEW-YORK, Sept. 30, 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—As I wish myself never to forget you, and am happy to persuade myself that this is a reciprocal affection, so, for the progressive refreshment of my own feelings, if no special or other reason existed, I should expect occasionally, through life, to write you a letter, as well as to receive one in return. The love of Christ has its sacraments, and its occasions, and its means, incessantly plied for its continuance and growth; and these to remind us of Him, and to endear Him to us, and not to affect His memory or benignity; and we are neither so etherial in character, nor so visionary in philosophy, as to think our mutual love as good *without* a letter as *with* one. I am sure it would improve mine to see you, dear brother, face to face; yet the probability of this, in the vista of the future, is located only in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And how will that cover, with an ungrudged oblivion, the scenes of terrestrial royalty in which with you, and dear Mrs. Morrison, and a coterie of other dears, we ranged the saloons and spaces of royal Windsor's pile, on the day of September. O, my brother, may we have great grace, and great wisdom from Jehovah, our Master, to do all his will as faithful preachers and practicers of His word.

You may have heard of the change of sentiment which I have publibly avowed since my return, on the subject of Slavery. This has already made several new and piquant chapters in the history of my life, with promises and omens of the future, which events alone can interpret. In short, I have been persecuted with a virulence outrageous and unparalleled almost in the history of our country. The sordid influence of Slavery at the South, and the deep-seated wickedness of the prejudice against the colour at the North and East, have pervaded our entire social mass, and infected the body and the soul of the community. I knew not till lately how potent and terrible it is! Every species of calumny and falsehood, with some specious misrepresentation, have been raised and circulated against me, I must say, especially against my worthy compeers and allies in the matter. But the tumult of the people, and the raging fury of the mob, have stormed my house, and the houses of others, by way of refuting our arguments. Our police and magistracy seems to have been singularly weak and ill-adapted to the occasion. Our city is disgraced—and the end is not yet. I forbear details, as they would be too few for justice, or too many for endurance.—You will understand much of the case without them, and enough to pray for me and the immortal cause in which we are here so perilously engaged.

The first lesson I received in Great Britain, that was at once thorough and arresting on the topic, was, dear brother, from yourself, at Dr. N———'s dinner-table. Your faithful and luminous appeals to my conscience, with premises brought down in direct rays from the throne, first agitated the uncongenial elements of expediency—blind colonizationism within me—and sprung a doubt in the deepest planks of that miserable and unseaworthy old hulk to which I stuck so long. Do stimulate ——— to write as he *ought exactly* to our Observer. His letters are becoming more and more influential. Tell him to be principled, and insist that we should make the "right," that is as "abstract" as the law of God, to be as concrete as actual obedience. His last number, Sept. 27th, is a good thing, and considerably in advance of anything to be previously found in that quarter. But there is too much about the *principle* of interest, and too little about the *interest* of principle. Payment and compensation to a thief, for letting go his stolen *men*, is an injunction that needs prodigious qualifying. I and others are willing to pay our part of indemnity with our fellow sinners, on condition that it be not considered either the price of slave, or the brand of freemen, but a distributed *dæmnum*, where all are guilty that none may be assessed alone or unequally. Our Northern States, and each man of us, *particeps criminis* by contrivance and conformity at least; and therefore we ought to pay something too, and we would do it, not as *donum*, but *dæmnum et debilum*, among sinners and sufferers in common.

Most gratefully do I salute the British nation, in her present position of moral grandeur among the empires of the world. I own with enthusiasm my father-land; with a realm so extensive that the sun never rises upon a slave in it. She has done a deed, the praise of which the present generation of Protestant Christendom will not transmit down alone by posterity. Let its due honours ring through the world. It is the honour of principle, of Christianity, and of God! It is the triumph of truth against error, and of love over misanthropy. Your fleets and armies may reap laurels, but they wither; your Senators may have monuments, but they moulder; and your heroes may be trumpeted by the breath of fame, or graven on the tablets of history, but what of it all? Can it be compared to generousness doing deeds of equity, self-impelled under divine influence, and beckoning forward the imitative docility of coming ages in the career of beneficence? Britain may now read homilies of duty to the attentive world, or she may lecture her daughter here in the vast accident, and tell new duties to her reluctant offspring, that speak her language, to two or three millions of slaves. I consider it a victory of moral magnificence, scarcely paralleled in all the precedents of history; an omen of good to your noble nation, and of blessings to mankind. It has actually raised the species in the scale of dignity, and duty, and privilege, and prospect; it is one of those mighty and splendid changes, on a plane of ascending glory, which are to introduce the elevation of millennial character, and the benediction of universal holiness. Go on, then, in your most brilliant and exemplary career. The moral power of your example will be like the electric fluid in the atmosphere of the total globe—it will pervade and purify the nations of the world. But I have no words in which to utter sentiments that shake my frame to feel them, and which are instinct with immortality, and the glory of its author. I only ask you to cease *never* to exert your direct influence of light and love, and prayer on my country, dishonoured, cursed, threatened, agitated, and near to be exploded, as we may too justly fear, by the embossed bane of Slavery. It is too recently, alas! that I have seen and felt some of its evils. * * * * * Mrs. Cox unites in very affectionate salutation to Mrs. Morrison—you will soon write again? Forgive all my faults, dear brother, and believe me very cordially yours in the love and truth of the Gospel.

SAMUEL H. COX.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

A MISTAKE.

The editor of the Cincinnati Herald, in an article proposing a union of all the opponents of Slavery, says:

"Even among the Garrisonians,—we use this name for the want of a better, but without the least intended disrespect—there are many who wish to carry their principles to the ballot-box, and we think these are right so far. If disunion be the true cure for Slavery, let the Disunionists nominate and support men for office under their State Government, who will take measures to accomplish the desired result. Such a demonstration would be infinitely more potent than a cart-load of resolutions."

This is a great mistake, and the editor's misapprehension is probably owing to the fact that a sugges-

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

tion was made a year or two since—which, by the way, met with but little favour—for Disunionists to cast a ballot, not for some one to take office *under* the Constitution, but for its destruction. This proposal was made, simply that it might be shown at the ballot-box, how many of those whom the State counted as legal voters, were opposed to taking any part or lot in the National or State Governments, so long as they remained in alliance with the slave-power, and pledged to its support.

If the editor had made himself better acquainted with the principles of the Disunionists, he would have understood that the very nature of those principles forms a barrier against the political action, through State or National Government, of those who adopt them.

Another mistake is in the supposition that Disunion has been adopted, primarily, if not solely, as "the true cure for Slavery." That it is such, no one who has examined the subject can reasonably doubt; but if withdrawal from the American Union did not in the least accelerate the slave's deliverance, yet Disunionists regard it as a step none the less necessary, for it is imperative upon them that they cease to be slaveholders, and this they believe cannot be done without repudiating a Constitution and a Union of which chattelism is the corner-stone.

There *are* those who advocate Disunion, simply as a remedy, who see nothing objectionable in the character of the National Constitution, or if they do, nothing which they may not, for the sake of expediency, promise to support. These might accept of the Herald's invitation to embark in the political craft, and be consistent; but not so with the Garrisonian Disunionists, who, in order to wash their hands in innocency, have disfranchised themselves, and in political consideration are willing to be ranked with the enslaved of our land, waiting in faith, and in hope, the arrival of that better day when a regenerated public sentiment shall restore them and those for whose deliverance they toil, to a common citizenship.

The Herkimer Freeman, in allusion to the seat on the top of the fence, which its Washington leader is climbing to, says:

WHAT IS IT BUT TREACHERY?—It will be seen in another column, that the *National Era*—the Liberty paper, as we have been accustomed to regard it, at Washington city—is taking a very singular and reprehensible course in regard to the Presidency; declining to support Gerrit Smith, because of "the circumstances under which he was brought out," yet avowing in advance its determination "NOT TO OPPOSE HIM IN ANY PROBABLE CONTINGENCY,"—i. e. not to support the regular nominee of the Liberty party!

We should call this a pretty bold stand for a journal, established, as the Era was, by the funds and efforts of Liberty men at the Federal capital, for the express purpose of aiding in the great work of overthrowing the slave power by political action; a journal too, whose establishment and success thus far, has been the means of killing off some half dozen local Liberty presses about the country.

If this declaration of the Era be not a case of violated faith,—of palpable and flagrant treachery to the Liberty cause,—we confess our inability properly to estimate and characterize it. Can it be possible that Liberty men, after this exhibition of its quality, will continue their countenance and support to the Era? We should think they would drop it like a hot potato, all over the free States.

The only apparent motive for this singular stand by Doctor Bailey, is his chagrin at being foiled in his calculation to postpone the National Convention till the spring of 1848.

We noticed, some two or three weeks since, the death of Mr. Kennedy, the slave-catcher, who was roughly handled at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in an attempt to carry off his fugitive slaves from that town. The three following articles from Southern papers show the feeling to which his death has given rise:

From the Fredericksburg [Va.] News.

ABOLITION.

We publish to-day from the Hagerstown Torchlight the beginning of a fearful tragedy which is about to be enacted in the United States. The death of Mr. Kennedy, of Hagerstown, Maryland, caused by a mob in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, is an event in which the whole South is deeply interested. The public are familiar with the circumstances attending the assassination of that gentleman. In attempting to recover his negroes, who had escaped to Pennsylvania, and were concealed at Carlisle, a mob, headed by a Professor of McClintock, in a college of that place, inflicted injuries upon his person which resulted in his death, on the —inst.

The "Continent," a literary paper in Baltimore, speaks a language every word of which we adopt.—The course there recommended, is the true position the South should occupy. It is the position we advised in the first number we issued, and which we hope every individual, south of Mason and Dixon's line, will earnestly and zealously maintain.

"Mr. Kennedy is, we believe, the first victim to abolition fanaticism—his blood is the first that has been shed for asserting Southern rights, and the people of the Southern States will look for an ample atonement to the violated laws. He was an exemplary, worthy citizen, a gentleman whose loss will be sorely felt, not only by his family, but by the community in which he lived; it is to be hoped that no station or character will be permitted to screen those who have had a hand in his death from a strict accountability.

"What a subject is this for the contemplation of the people of the South? Should it not cause them to pause in their discussions of party politics, and take immediate steps to bring this vital question to an immediate adjustment? Is it not time, when it has come to the shedding of blood, to take counsel for the protection of life and property? What matters it whether we have a Democratic or a Whig administration of the Federal Government, if, under that Government, *the lives and property of our people have no protection against the violence of abolition fanaticism?* This question of Southern rights has, sooner or later, to be met and settled. It can never be less formidable than now; and that press is false to the South that remains quiet in view of the daily outrages and aggressions or the Abolitionists, and endeavours to stifle the sentiment of our people into harmonious political co-operation, with this or that party at the North. What faith can the people of the South hold with any party who advocate the principles of the Wilmot Proviso? And yet we defy the political press of the South to point to a solitary declaration of principles, from any Legislative body or party organization, south of Mason and Dixon's line, that repudiates that odious doctrine. On the contrary, the principle comes endorsed from all parties, and abolitionism, emboldened by the ratification of its great principle of *dictation to the South*, comes forth bolder, stronger, and more insolent than ever, to pursue its work of aggression, insult, and violence.

"Until the people of the Southern States have some better assurance than they now have, that the guaranties and compromises of the Constitution are not to be violated, they have no concern with the triumphs or defeats of any political party North; and we conceive it to be the duty of the Southern press of all parties, to keep their readers advised of the purpose and movements of their enemies, both foreign and domestic, and to prepare their minds for the crisis, that they may meet it with an undivided front."

From the Hagerstown Torchlight.

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY.

Never have we witnessed, within the limits of our peaceful town, a deeper and more general feeling of consternation, than was exhibited on Friday evening last, upon the announcement of the fact, that the lifeless body of our highly-esteemed fellow-citizen, James H. Kennedy, Esq. had been brought from Carlisle upon the Franklin Railroad. On the evening previous, the most flattering accounts of Mr. K.'s condition had been received, and his friends looked forward with confidence to his certain recovery; when, in the midst of these sanguine expectations, without the slightest premonition, the arrival of his corpse, mute though eloquent, first announced the dreadful event.

As no *post mortem* examination of the body was had, the definite and immediate cause of death remains enveloped in mystery, although no doubt is entertained either by his attending physicians, or those of our own place, that death was produced by wounds inflicted during the recent riot. On the evening preceding his decease, Mr. Kennedy was in unusually fine spirits, and spoke of a decided improvement in his feelings. About three o'clock, on the following morning, Mrs. K. was aroused by an impediment in the respiration of the invalid. The physician was immediately called, and discovered that the pulsation of the heart had, to all appearances, ceased. An attempt was made to restore the circulation by friction, but failed; and in a few moments Mr. K. had ceased to breathe.

Thus died the victim of a lawless mob, in the pursuit of his own property, one of our most useful and respected citizens, entailing upon the community a loss from which it will not soon recover, and upon his own family, one heart-rending and irreparable.

In the midst of this great calamity, it is, however, gratifying to know, that the last moments of the deceased were attended by those who were nearest and dearest to him in life—that every attention was ministered to him in his last moments—and that the heart-felt tears of a whole community, assembled to pay the last sad tribute of respect, have been copiously shed upon his premature grave.

A duty, and a stern one, too, is yet to be performed—the ends of an inflexible justice are yet to be fulfilled, for the guilty remain unpunished.

Professor McClintock, and some twenty negroes, have been held to bail for participation in the riot, and, we understand, will be tried at the approaching term of the Quarter Sessions of Cumberland County Court. We trust that neither the high station of the one, nor the low condition of the others, will shield them from the rigid investigation of the law. If innocent, they deserve to have their innocence proclaimed in language that cannot be misunderstood—if guilty, then should they, in the heaviest penalty of the law, atone for their crime. The respected dead no longer claims the interposition of an earthly court;—but between the living and the guilty, a heavy account remains to be settled. Society demands that an example should be made, for its own sake—Maryland calls upon her sister State for justice. We trust that, no matter what may have been our relative positions heretofore, that call will not be unheeded.

From the Baltimore Western Continent.

PUBLIC MEETING AT HAGERSTOWN.

We perceive by the papers that great excitement prevails in Hagerstown and its vicinity, in consequence of the death of Mr. Kennedy, who was killed by the late abolition mob in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. A public meeting has been held, at which committees were appointed—first, to remonstrate with the citizens of Pennsylvania in regard to the grievances to which the border slave States are exposed; secondly, to lay the matter before the Legislature of Maryland, and to ask at the hands of that body appropriate remedies; and thirdly, to present a memorial to the next Congress, asking for the enactment of such laws as may be necessary to carry out the fourth article of the Federal Constitution.

We sincerely hope that the action of this body will have the effect to bring the patriotic, sane portion of the people of Pennsylvania to a just sense of the evil which must inevitably flow from the conduct of those fanatical wretches, who, in pretended sympathy for the blacks, are exposing white and black to perils which no one can compute. The people of the frontier slave States have long borne the aggressions of their white neighbours, who incite their slaves to abscond, and afford them aid and refuge. But it is presuming too much to suppose that they will long submit to such lawless violence as was recently inflicted upon citizens of this State at Carlisle. There is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue; and when our people begin to practice retaliation, who can tell what will be the consequences. We are glad to perceive that a portion of the Carlisle public most decidedly condemn the proceedings of the late mob, and are determined to take measures to prevent such occurrences in future.

THE SLAVEHOLDING RESOLUTION OF THE ALLIANCE.

We find the following article in the (London) English Presbyterian Herald. That paper has not been long upon our exchange list, but from the little that we had seen of it, we were not prepared for such an ebullition of pro-slavery spleen. Its reasoning is not deserving of a reply. The writer knew well enough that a man convicted of any unpopular sin would not be admitted as a member of the Alliance:

At the Edinburgh meeting of the Alliance, Captain Trotter read and laid on the table a communication from several brethren, expressive of their non-concurrence with the resolutions of the Manchester Conference, on the subject of slaveholders,—setting forth their reasons for such non-concurrence, but affectionately expressing their continued deep attachment to the brethren, and the proceedings of the Alliance, and their determination, notwithstanding, still to adhere to the organization.

This resolution was signed by Robert C. L. Bevan, Esq. Lombard street; Hon. A. Kinnaird, Pall-Mall East; Hon. William Cowper, Admiralty; Rev. Joseph T. Parker. M.A. Kensington; Rev. Owen Clarke, Pentonville; Rev. A. S. Thelwall. M.A. Pentonville; Rev. H. H. Beamish, M.A. Trinity Chapel; J. D. Paul, Esq. Temple Bar; and other respectable and influential names. We trust that the hasty and unwise resolution of the Alliance on this subject will be yet rescinded. Why connection with property in slaveholding countries should be in itself a disqualification for membership of a Christian society, it is not easy to perceive; and if errors in practice as well as in doctrine debar from the Alliance, there are many other sins as proper for selection as tests of membership. We know of several cases of excellent men in this country having property, or trusteeship of property, in slave countries, who are thereby enabled to provide for the moral and religious well-being of many hundreds of their fellow-creatures, who would otherwise be left in darkness; and if the charge was given up by them, the persons of these slaves would, by the law of these countries, belong to Government, and their social or spiritual welfare be utterly neglected.

It is a piece of great absurdity, that, while men acknowledged to be of the highest Christian worth and public influence are tabooed from the Alliance for this cause, we are compelled to sit on platforms, and meet in committees, with men against whom there are charges of dishonourable and discreditable conduct unexplained or unanswered. Is not this straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel? We read lately an article in a religious paper, entitled, "Forgery by a clergyman." If that individual, for example, were applying for membership of the Alliance, such a moral misdemeanour ought to keep him out, or to put him out if already a member; and so of any other breach of social and Christian honour, far rather than the mere fact of a connection with property in countries where the system of Slavery is not yet extinct. The difficulties attending the position of many of our Christian brethren on this question are greater than in our favoured land we can readily enter into. At all events it is not by harsh censure and hasty exclusion that the desired end will be effected. The counsel of Dr. Chalmers was truly wise when he said, that if the conduct of our Christian brethren were wrong in maintaining any connection with the system of Slavery, there was the more need of their being brought into contact with brethren by whom they might be favourably influenced.

The Tribune translates from the *Revue de deux Mondes*, a portion of an article upon the causes and annoyances of the Mexican war, which we copy below:

"At this moment the Anglo Saxon race produces in both hemispheres a most intense impression upon the world of business and of politics. Upon our old Continent it is England which, by its material condition in the strictest sense of the word, holds all interests in suspense. In the New World, it is the Federative Republic—a shoot sixty years since from the loins of England—which seems on the eve of changing the balance of power in the world, and no less to be approaching the period when its Constitution and political forms will undergo a transformation destined to be most radical and complete.

"The spectacle that America of the North offers us is nothing less than an entirely new continent learning to acknowledge its masters in the Anglo American Confederation, and the beautifully simple Constitution of 1789 receiving, after only a semi-centennial existence, a blow under which it must naturally succumb at some period not far remote. Mexico, at this hour, may be considered as belonging to the United States. The Cabinet at Washington, will probably have the good sense not to annex it entire at this moment. It will only take the portions of territorymost convenient now—portions, however, as territorially vast, as France beyond the Loire for instance, but all the United States leaves to Mexico, however great it may be, will be nothing but a fief dependent upon them, which they can absorb at leisure. When they acquire California and Oregon, they will have need of a passage to the Isthmus of Panama, and since they are strong enough, of all passages they will choose the most agreeable. We therefore can look upon the United States as being virtually at least proprietors of all North America to the Lake of Nicaragua in Central America, or even to the city of Panama. It is the compelled consequence of their present deeds. The people of the West are in this view the most intrepid logicians possible, since they march ahead, the rifle in one hand and the axe of the pioneer in the other, carrying before them, from station to station, from valley to valley, the starry banner of the Union. With the possession of North, they are sovereigns of South America, however great in extent that may be. The Americans of the United States have a rage for conquest by means of colonization beyond all imagination.

"But, with these conquests, what becomes of the Constitution of 1789? The first Magistrate, grave and passionless as the law itself, whom the Jeffersons, the Madisons, and the Hamiltons imagined upon the model of their illustrious Chief, is changed henceforward into a conqueror on horseback, watching from his headquarters the vanquished populations. This army, but a little while since of only six thousand men, for the defence of the frontiers of a county ten times as large as France, it will be necessary to increase to one hundred thousand. There will be an enormous budget for the military establishment. Military habits will take root among the people. It is a bad augury for the unlimited liberty which American citizens now enjoy. It is no less unfortunate a prognostic for their financial system, up to this day so admirable in its economy.

"If this desire of conquest become prejudicial to the liberties of America, it will be, to tell the truth, but a just retribution, since it was against Liberty that this Mexican campaign was commenced. This war, which had no motive, and for which but frivolous pretexts have been offered, sprung out of an intention which cannot be explained by a free people. It is impossible to dissemble this, after the confessions that have been made in the Senate. The war has been precipitated, or rather a few reckless men have precipitated the forces of the nation upon the Mexican provinces, notwithstanding all the opposition of the most distinguished members of both parties, in order to establish, in the warm lands of the tropical regions, new slave States, which should counterbalance in a measure by their wealth and number the free States of the North, that are multiplying and developing themselves with an unheard-of rapidity. Mr. Calhoun has stated this in an elaborate speech in the very midst of the Senate of the Federation: the free States threatened to place the slave States in a condition of minority, the prospect of which rendered the latter desperate. Of the twenty-eight States, fourteen have slaves, and, consequently, in the Senate, where the States are represented without regard to their population, the slave States are on a par with their rivals; but of these fourteen States, two, Delaware and Maryland, evidently contemplate the abolition of Slavery, and then, as the North needs, free States are ready ripe for admission; and many others will be formed of the tide of emigrants who will unite with the incessant current to the Westward from the old States, and populate the virgin lands around the Great Lakes and the Upper Mississippi. And then, in the House of Representatives, where each State is represented according to its population, and in the Electoral College, which chooses the President, the free States have already an imposing majority. The slave States are hence fearful of being overcome. They have supposed that, if the free States acquired too much supremacy, the institution of Slavery would be endangered. Hence the idea of seizing upon foreign territory on the Southern border—an idea they have developed in appropriating Texas, and which they now pursue in dismembering Mexico. It is Mr. Calhoun who has promulgated this, and he knows better than any one else, since he was Secretary of State, charged with the conduct of foreign affairs, when the programme of a grand campaign for the extension of Slavery was conceived. The project was his own; and he himself, in his character as Minister, by the annexation of Texas, gave the signal for its execution. We must shut our eyes to the light not to perceive that these acts, boldly premeditated, and most resolutely accomplished, will introduce changes into the general policy."

Communications.

FERRISBURGH, (Vt.) July 11, 1847.

FRIEND GAY:—In my recent journey from Boston to Vermont, one or two incidents occurred, which, perhaps, may interest you, or some of your readers, and I therefore take the liberty to relate the circumstances; not on account of their novelty, nor because it is so remote from the customs of the age to love God, and hate our brother; for while this doctrine is promulgated by both Church and State, what better can be expected?

On the 29th of June, I purchased for myself and wife first class tickets for New-York, at the office of the Providence and Stonington Railroad, at No. 7, Court street, Boston. Accordingly we took our seats in the first class cars in Boston, at five o'clock, P. M. I need not eulogize the conductors, for all who have ever travelled that road to Providence, are aware of their uniform politeness. At Providence, we were to change cars. After the other passengers were seated, we attempted to enter the car, when we were met by one, who wore a leather strap around his hat marked "*Conductor*," and who inquired of a gentleman by, if my wife was his servant. Being answered "*No!*" he sung out, "Forward, forward, go to that green car." Not wishing to take the second class cars, after paying for first class tickets, I waited patiently for him to come down from the car, when I showed him my tickets. He said they were *second class tickets*. Knowing this to be false, I went immediately to the office, and there met Mr. Blaisdell, who said to me, "You did not buy those tickets *yourself*." Not knowing at the time that he was the agent of the road, I said nothing to him, but went in, and showed them to the ticket salesman. He admitted them to be first class tickets, but remarked that *coloured* people could not purchase such tickets in *Rhode Island*, at the same time abruptly closing the office against me. Having made previous arrangements to be in Vermont at a given time, and wishing to be punctual in fulfilling those engagements, I concluded we would say nothing more, but go on quietly in the second class cars. On going into them, however, we found them literally crammed to overflowing with the lower grade of emigrants; and the stench arising from whiskey, ship-diseases, &c. &c. was almost insupportable. Determined not to submit to this, we remained all night in Providence, and the next day took the cars back to Boston. There I called upon Mr. Lee, the General Superintendent of the Boston and Providence Railroad, who refunded the money I had paid for coming back, and said he would go on with me, in the afternoon. But not finding it convenient to leave, himself, he gave me free tickets back to Providence, together with a letter to Mr. Blaisdell, of which the following is a copy:

"*To the Agent of the Stonington Railroad Company in Providence,*

SIR:—The bearer, Mr. L. Hayden, bought first class tickets for himself and wife, to New-York, on the 29th. He is entitled to have his contract performed; and I respectfully urge you to permit him to pass from Providence to Stonington without *further molestation.*

A. R. LEE, Superintendent.

June 30, 1847."

Suffice it to say, that on arriving at Providence, an extra car was added to the train, that we might pass on without further molestation.

On arriving at Stonington at night, we went on board the Steamer Oregon, still in possession of those annoying tickets, and showing them to the Clerk to procure a place of rest, he informed me it was an utter impossibility for a negro to find lodging on board that boat. I had, however, *previously* shown them to the Captain, who told me to retain them. After the Clerk had held consultation with the Captain, he returned to me, saying that myself and wife should be accommodated.

Upon the whole, I judge the Captain to be much of a gentleman.

Nothing farther, worthy of note, transpired, until we reached Troy. There we took the packet "Montreal" to Whitehall—distance, sixty-six miles—fare, twelve and a half cents. While on this boat I was treated as a man.

At Whitehall we went on board the Steamer Saranac, (old line) Captain Davis, at four o'clock, A. M. When breakfast hour came, not being in the habit of pressing ourselves forward to the first table, unless specially invited, we waited for the ringing of the second bell, and then went down, but were met by the Steward, who told us our meals were not ready yet, but by-and-by they would set us down to eat *over there*,—(pointing to some other part of the cabin.)

After some considerable time had elapsed, my wife was summoned, by a little boy, to breakfast. She declined going down. The Steward then informed her that she could now have her breakfast. She told him she would have taken it when she went down, but now she did not wish any. He then impertinently asked her if she expected to eat with *white* people? Feeling rather misused, and not wishing to parley with him, she referred him to me, if he had any farther questions. Captan Davis next went to her, saying that his Steward informed him that she had ordered breakfast, and that it was then ready. She replied she had *not ordered* breakfast, neither did she now choose to eat until she went ashore. He urged her somewhat, but she still declined. The Captain then came and pressed me to take my breakfast.—But I told him I did not wish to give any one the trouble of setting an extra table for me. He said that was *his* business and not *mine*. I thanked him, adding that I was not so aristocratic as to require a table by myself. This ended the chapter.

No sooner had I turned from the Captain than a gentleman put a paper in my hand containing the letter of Mr. Garnett, respecting his treatment on board the Saranac. This was industriously circulated among the passengers and not a few of them expressed regret at having come on board. One gentleman observed, that though he disclaimed being an Abolitionist, he could not give countenance to such unfounded prejudice against colour; and had he known that Capt. Davis tolerated this prejudice he would never have given him the sanction of his patronage.

We reached Vergennes at eleven o'clock, where we were well received, and invited to dine with one of the first families in the city, notwithstanding the Steward had insultingly asked if *we* expected to eat with *white* people! Here, in Vermont, we are received not only with *hospitality*, but with *kindness* and *cordiality*; and I find that our treatment on board the Saranac, and also in Providence, meets almost with universal condemnation.

Yours, the oppressed,
LEWIS HAYDEN.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1847.

The Brazilian Slaves.

We mentioned last week the case of three slaves, taken from the Brazilian barque Lembranca, by writ of *habeas corpus*, before Judge Daly. The men, till Saturday last, were held in the custody of the Sheriff, while the woman was permitted, in accordance with her own wishes, to return to her mistress, the Captain's wife;—the few persns who had interested themselves in this case deeming that their duty was done in regard to her, when she was assured that a strong presumption existed that she was a free woman here.

Such a presumption, however, in regard to all three of the slaves his Honour, Judge Daly, was careful on Saturday to correct, so far as it depended upon him. It will, at least, excite some surprise, if no deeper feeling throughout the North, when it is known that he remanded the slaves into the custody of the Captain of the Lembranca!

To what particular qualification, or to the want of what one in the Judge, we are to ascribe this decision, we are at a loss to know. Some are charitable enough to impute it to his ignorance. It appeared to such good people, while the case was pending, that his Honour did not at all understand what it was about. To his unofficial eyes, there doubtless appeared before him two *niggers*, whom he heartily wished back in Rio. But to his official sight, there were two men and a writ of *habeas corpus* before a court of the sovereign State of New-York, and their disposal, as fate would have it, depended upon him. The official vision, whether from weakness, or some worse cause, seems to have been lost in the unofficial, and the men were disposed of as Brazilian *niggers*, and not as men whose "shackles fell," if they wore any, the moment their feet pressed our soil.

To suppose such a decision given through ignorance, is to impute to his Honour a want of knowledge of the very first principles of law, of which we should heretofore have hardly dared to suspect the wooden image of Justice that stands upon the top of her temple; or it is to believe him destitute of a smaller modicum of information than is usually supposed to belong even to the tip-staves who stand at the doors of the Court-room. And if such imputation be true, it would certainly be a great saving of the money—the only thing, now-a-days, thought worth saving—of the people, if her ladyship from the top of the City Hall were brought down and installed in the Judge's seat, and questions of right and wrong left to the decision of the uneducated commonsense of the constable at the door. If we want nothing but a solemn mockery of Justice in our Courts, its image, with bandage and scales—especially the bandage—will answer the purpose, and some much less onerous contrivance than our present system should be invented, to announce the decisions of the blind Goddess.

In the present case, a very simple question only needs adjudication. The writ of *habeas corpus* set forth that certain persons were retained as slaves on board the barque Lembranca by her Captain. In the return to the writ, Captain Da Costa declared that the said persons were seamen on board the Lembranca, and his slaves under the laws of Brazil, and that he rightfully held them as such in New-York by virtue of the treaty between Brazil and the United States, which gave reciprocal protection to the persons and property of the citizens of the two Governments.

No very abstruse question of law, it seems to us, is involved here. The Captain expressly admitted that he held these men as his slaves, and that he brought them to this State. A statute of the State expressly interdicts Slavery within its borders. The principle of common law, which denies to any man the right of property in another, is fully recognized. Involuntary servitude, other than for crime, cannot, then, exist in New-York, except by the Constitution of the United States, which is paramount to State law. But that instrument directly enforces no servitude in any State of the Union, except in the permission to slaveholders to capture fugitives. Brazil is not a State of this Union—however deserving she may be of it—and the exception cannot therefore be made in her favour. The slaves of the Lembranca, moreover, were not fugitives; and even if, in this matter, Brazil could be put upon the same footing with the slave States of the Union, the Captain brought the slaves here of his own accord, and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that a slave is free by virtue of the laws of a free State, if brought into such State by the master himself.—In any view of the case, then, the slaves of the Lembranca were freemen, and should have been so declared by an upright and intelligent Judge, the moment they were brought within the limits of the State.

Or to state the argument still more briefly: Slavery is contrary to natural right, and must exist, where it exists at all, by virtue of positive statute-law. There is no statute in this State, permitting the existence of Slavery, but the contrary. There can, then, be no Slavery here, and every man upon this soil is a freeman.

The counsel of the Captain of the Lembranca, Mr. Perroy, saw plainly enough the difficulties in the way of his client. He would nothave risked his professional reputation upon so ridiculous a plea, as that a man could come into this State from any part of the world, bringing his slaves with him, and hold them here. He therefore fell back upon the treaty between the United States and Brazil, and rested his case upon that clause insuring protection to property and persons. That clause, however, *has not a word* upon the subject of slave-property. Not a particle of evidence was produced in Court to show that property in human beings was intended to be protected by the Treaty, and there is no evidence to show it in the Treaty itself. In this respect it differs in no wise from a treaty that might be framed with England or France, or any other power. Now is a Judge here in New-York to admit without question, the monstrous doctrine of property in man—the rightfulness of Slavery? If we may not look for, in our Judges, anything of the spirit of freedom, and of humanity, we may at least expect of them some knowledge of law. Judge Story, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, in the Prigg case, said: "By the general law of nations, no nation is bound to recognize the state of slavery, as to foreign slaves found within its territorial dominions, when it is in opposition to its own policy and institutions, in favour of the subjects of other nations where Slavery is recognized." This covers the whole ground of the present case. The decision of Judge Daly, then, is in direct opposition to the law of nations, as well as to the statute-law of this State. But Judge Story proceeds: "If it does it, it is as a matter of comity, and not as a matter of right." Does any such comity exist between the United States and Brazil? There is nothing of it in the Treaty, unless it is to be taken for granted that the United States means always under the general term of property, to include anybody, and everybody, as slaves that other nations choose to declare such. Our Federal Government, we can readily believe, has always been corrupt enough to make treaties with such a meaning, but till it is bold enough to declare so in express terms, every tribunal is bound to give to its words a construction favourable to freedom. "The state of slavery," continues Judge Story, "is deemed to be a mere municipal regulation, founded upon and limited to the range of territorial laws." And this is not only the doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States, but it was fully recognized in the Somersett case, and has been in other decisions in this country both North and South. But not so, thinks Judge Daly. The slave-law takes the place of the law of nations, according to his Honour's decision, and a brisk trade in human flesh may be carried on with impunity between this country and Brazil, or any other slaveholding nation, if that doctrine be correct.

During the trial of this case the question was raised whether these slaves were not a part of the crew of the Lembranca, and as such, rightfully detained on board his vessel by the Captain. That they were, in a sense, a part of the crew, was admitted by the counsel who acted for the slaves during Mr. Jay's absence. We know that this admission influenced the decision of the Court. But we do not know the latitude which a Judge usually allows himself where a question is to be decided under a writ of habeas corpus. We are certain, however, that these persons were brought before Judge Daly, as slaves. The return to the writ admitted that they were so held, and claimed to retain them as such under the treaty with Brazil. Whether these persons were rightfully restrained of their freedom, and could be legally continued in a condition of bondage, was, as we take it, the real and the only question before the Court. The counsel might amuse themselves with any number of questions, pertinent or impertinent, but we are accustomed to look to the Bench to decide what is, and what is not law, what is and what is not german to the point at issue. One thing, at any rate, is certain,—Judge Daly returned the men to the custody of the Captain of the Lembranca. Did he return them as slaves? Then the imperial power of our country has servants as faithful as Jeffreys and Scroggs proved themselves, to be to their royal masters. Did he return them as seamen? They were before him as slaves,—they were claimed as such—and under whatever plea they were remanded to the Captain's custody, the Court well knew they would be received as slaves, who had presumed to be men—a slave's worst crime—by an exasperated master. But if the question of their being seamen influenced the decision, why was not the evidence of the fact produced? Do Brazilian vessels carry no register? Is there no method whereby it may be shown who legally compose the crew of a vessel? And, is it beyond the province of a Judge in a State where Slavery has no legal existence, to inquire whether a slave can make a contract, as well as whether he has made one in a given case? Here are important questions. Have two men—for aught we know, native Africans—been given up as slaves upon the claim of a Brazilian Captain? Or have they been restored to the vessel as seamen, when no proof was adduced that they were such, while it *was* known that they were slaves, and could not have been a free party to any contract to make them seamen. It is a black case, look at it as we will.

The best, however, and indeed the only palliation that can be offered for this decision is, that the men were actually returned as seamen. If we cannot believe that any Court could be found north of Mason and Dixon's line corrupt enough to render up men claimed as slaves under the laws of Brazil, it is because we are sure that one has already done so through sheer ignorance, led away from the true issue by a cunning lawyer. This, however, does not alter the fact that these men are slaves, that were received, and put in irons as such on their return to the Lembranca, and that nothing but the mere assertion of the Captain was asked for as evidence of their being seamen.

But that such a decision has been given in this city, will appear the more astonishing when it is known that Mr. Jay was present, and endeavoured to enlighten the Judge in some degree as to what was the nature of the case before him. The attempt was utterly futile. That the Captain wanted the *niggers* aboard-ship, seemed to be the end of the judicial knowledge of the Court. Not, we do not mean, that it descended to any such undignified language, but such seemed to be the spirit and morality of the decision. Mr. Jay, as attorney and counsel for José da Costa, and José da Roche, excepted to the decision of the Judge on the following grounds, for a copy of which we are indebted to Mr. Jay himself:

1. That the said parties have a right to be heard by counsel of their own appointment, in a matter involving their life and liberty, and that they have not been so heard, the counsel who appeared for them having appeared without authority, from the necessity of the case, after the Judge refused to allow further adjournment, and the motion of Mr. Jay, their duly appointed attorney and counsel, to be heard before a final decision of their case having been denied.

2. That their rights may have been prejudiced by the admission upon the record of certain facts—which they do not admit.

3. That before the decision of the Court was made, and immediately upon the denial of the motion for a hearing by the authorized attorney for the alleged slaves, the said attorney being also the attorney of record, by whom the writ of habeas corpus was issued, announced to the Court that he dismissed the writ, and all proceedings thereunder, and that there were therefore no proceedings before the Court, nor any conflicting claims to require or justify their decision upon questions raised by the return.

4. That whatever delays or adjournments may have occurred, it is a denial of justice, and a gross violation of the rights of these parties to refuse to postpone an order which is to consign them to Slavery forever, until they can, through their own counsel, show cause against it.

The end, however, is not yet. On Saturday a new writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Edmonds, and the men are again in the custody of the Sheriff, awaiting the decision of the Judge. It will not be made in season for us to state the result in this paper, but we shall be grievously disappointed if we have not quite another story in the paper of next week.

Riot at Niagara.

We have received a letter from Niagara, giving the particulars of a pro-slavery riot in the village of Manchester. The people of that neighbourhood, it seems, take a peculiar interest in the support of the system of Slavery, flattering themselves, of course, that it is a patriotic love of the Union, and of justice, but like all the patriotism that goes by the name now-a-days, it is easily resolved into a base love of dollars and cents. Manchester is one of those unfortunate places which depends upon the amount of company that resorts to it as a fashionable watering-place. The greater portion of its people are idle, and somewhat vagabondish two-thirds of the year, because they depend upon good luck the other third. Southern people, who live by robbing the poor of the fruit of their labour at home, go to Niagara to squander it, and the people of Niagara, of course, endeavour to make them as comfortable as possible, without interfering with any of their peculiarities during the process. A Buffalo paper is fool enough to say openly that the Southern people have been assured that if they will visit Niagara, the slaves they bring with them shall not be interfered with.

The letter before us, which is signed by three very respectable coloured persons of Manchester, says that a slaveholder stopped a few days since at the Eagle Hotel, having with him a female slave, whom some of the people thought should know of her right to her liberty. Whether the woman was desirous of availing herself of the protection of the law, does not appear. She was concealed for some days at the hotel, and an attempt was made by her master, by Hollis White, the hotel-keeper, and others on Saturday, the 10th instant, to carry her to the cars for removal. An attempt was made to reach the woman, either to release her, or to ascertain if she went of her own accord. But the efforts of the coloured people to this effect were frustrated, and many of them were severely beaten. The names of those most injured are John Morrison, John M. Anderson, Charles and James Patterson, and Sandy Shamate. The names of some of the assailants are also given, and among them, it seems, was the Constable of the village. The mobocrats however were not satisfied with beating the men, who, for the sake of the liberty of a woman would, run the risk of injuring the business of the village. They gathered together again in the evening, and tore down the grocery shop of J. M. Anderson, destroyed his goods, and broke up his furniture. Some injury was done at the same time to the property or persons—we are not sure, from the letter, which—of the two Pattersons.

We hope to receive some further particulars of this outrage. Those given above, from the letter sent us, are much fuller than any we have observed in other papers. The only notice that has been taken of it, so far as we have seen, has been a brief statement of a riot caused by an attempt of some coloured people to take a slave from her master against her will. We have no doubt that this is false, and that the account of our correspondent may be relied on.

Harlem Railroad.

We learn from unquestionable authority that the statements which have been recently made, and which were repeated in the Standard of the 1st instant, in relation to the exclusion of coloured people from the cars of the Harlem Railroad, are not correct. In none of what are called the travelling cars—those which go beyond the limits of the city—are coloured people excluded. No distinction, we understand, is there made on account of colour, and no difficulty ensues in consequence. The country people seem to have no fear of contamination by contact with the clothes which cover dark skins.

But in the city cars, the Directors feel it necessary to enforce a different regulation. It is not, however, a new one, but has always existed. The coloured people are not permitted to ride anywhere except upon the platform. Their sixpences will entitle them to ride standing, but not to sit down by the side of the "up-town" snobs and flunkies, who

"Forget the dung-hill where they grew,
And think themselves the Lord knows who."

We think, however, the Directors of the Harlem Road commit a great mistake in this matter. That they should make regulations precisely similar to those of the omnibusses, and other public conveyances, and places of public resort, as well as churches, is not singular. But they would do better to leave the matter to regulate itself. If the public is made to understand that it rests with it to say whether coloured people shall ride inside the cars, the public will settle the question to suit itself. And in that case the Directors of the road will be neither before nor behind public opinion, but always precisely even with it. We should be very glad to hold up the Harlem Railroad Company as a model to the Christian Churches of this city, in this particular. To leave the question to be settled by those concerned would be a great step in advance of the present regulation, which binds both parties whether they are willing or not.

Another Delegate to England.

We find in the People's Journal for June 26th, the following paragraph. We had not before heard of Mr. Burleigh's intention of visiting Europe, but the Journal seems to have authentic information. He will, we are sure, nobly and truly represent the American Society in everything except on the hair and beard question, and on this point we have little fear of his creating a false impression, as he has been preceded by Mr. Garrison:

ANOTHER VISITOR FROM AMERICA.—We are happy to learn that Mr. Charles C. Burleigh, one of the most distinguished anti-slavery advocates in the United States, is expected to arrive in this country next Fall, for the purpose of spending a few months here in representing and enforcing the views of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which body Mr. Garrison is President. A correspondent says, that "Mr. Burleigh is the most powerful anti-slavery speaker—if we except Frederick Douglass—which the United States have raised. He is about thirty-five years of age; of a tall, commanding, though—like most of his countrymen—somewhat spare figure; reddish hair which curls slightly, and falls gracefully over his shoulders; long and untrimmed beard; and has a lofty forehead, projecting over one of the mildest yet most firm and expressive countenances which ever reflected the light of a calm blue eye."—C.

SETH SPRAGUE.—We learn from the Boston papers that the Patriarch of the Anti-Slavery cause, Seth Sprague, of Duxbury, has at length been gathered to his fathers. The Abolitionists of New England will all miss the influence of his venerable presence on the platform of their meetings, and the young especially the counsel which came in his feeble tones, to their outward sense, but was full of strength, and hope, and comfort to the spirit. The good old man of more than "four score and five years old," turned his back in his old age upon the Church which had honoured him, and the party which had petted him, that he might be true to humanity, which Church and party had forgotten. At his last public appearance he repudiated the Constitution which, in his youth, he doubtless voted to adopt. The act marked the character of his life. Obedience to his conviction of duty has ever been his highest law. To whom better can apply the words of the parable?—"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Vermont (Windsor,) Chronicle says:

"It has been resolved, on the motion of Sir Culling E. Smith, that females be admitted members of the British organization of the Evangelical Alliance now sitting at Edinburgh—but they are not to be allowed to speak or to *set* on committees."

We doubt if the most strenuous advocate of woman's rights would disagree with "dear Sir Culling" on the propriety of the latter interdiction. If any process of incubation, however, is to be applied to the Committees of the Alliance, we trust they will have more profitable hatchings than at London.

☞ The Mobile Herald publishes, and the New-York Mirror copies, some lines entitled, "THE SCOTCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF GENERAL TAYLOR," of which we give the closing stanza. The "Southern folk" may certainly well be proud of the man who is so successful in enlarging the area of Southern institutions:

Ye Southern folk may well be proud,
And tell his deeds in song and story;
The laurel-wreath that decks his brow,
Encircles the whole land wi' glory.
For were the world a mighty scroll,
And every tree and branch a pen,
The sea all ink—ye'd fail to write
The glory of earth's greatest mon.

The author, we presume, is a member of the Free Church of Scotland.

☞ THE ILLINOIS GENERAL ASSOCIATION, at its recent session at Chicago, bore the following testimony against Slavery:

Whereas, domestic slavery, as it exists in these United States is a practical system of iniquity, which in all its aspects stands directly in the way of the success of the Gospel, and the salvation of souls, and is clearly condemned in the word of God as sinful;

Therefore, Resolved, That it is still the judgment of this body that it is the duty of the churches to bear a decided and solemn testimony against this system of iniquity, by refusing to hold Christian fellowship with those who knowingly countenance and support it.

The Presbytery of Delaware have passed the following resolution:

That we regard Slavery, as it exists in these United States, whether as a system or in its practise, as a most flagrant violation of the law of God, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, and all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and utterly inconsistent with all the acknowledged principles of natural justice.

A true copy from minutes of Presbytery.
Attest. ISAAC D. CORNWELL,
Stated Clerk

AN ENLIGHTENED LEGISLATOR.—In the Illinois State Convention, now in session, a proposition to instruct the Committee on Rights to report an article for the new Constitution, prohibiting free negroes from settling within the State, and also to prevent owners of slaves from bringing them into the State, and setting them free, was under discussion, when a Mr. Lemon delivered himself as follows:

Mr. Lemon was in favour of a prohibitory clause against negroes coming into the State for many reasons,

which he gave. In conclusion, he said, he did not believe they were altogether human beings. If any one thought they were, he would ask him to look at a negro's foot! (Laughter.) What was his leg doing in the middle of it? If that was not sufficient, let them go and examine their nose; (roars of laughter;) then look at their lips. Why, their skulls were three inches thicker than white people's.

It is singular that in the very face and eyes of such wisdom and eloquence as this the whole subject was laid on the table.

The Examiner grows better and better. We are glad to see that the National Anti-Slavery Standard, and Pennsylvania Freeman, which were filled with righteous abhorrence at the *discreet* Era, are abounding in praise of the still more *discreet* Examiner.

There is a striking difference between the discretion of the Era, and that of the Examiner, and we supposed our unequivocal approbation of the latter would provoke the Era to give us an opportunity to say so.

The Era's discretion is of that sort which so often makes the better part of valour, and of which fat, cowardly Jack Falstaff's was a notable example. If the Era would only be like him in his wit, and good-nature, as well as his discretion, it might be sure of no farther annoyance from our "righteous abhorrence."

The Examiner's discretion is of a very different character. That paper is the representative of the slaveholders—not of the Abolitionists. It comes from them to us,—does not go from us to them. It professes to give the view of the great question from the slaveholders' side,—not from the side of the Anti-Slavery North. It is a voice coming up from the South, but just now aroused—not a voice going from the North, which has spoken long, and earnestly, and loud, and has grown to its full volume, but sinks now to a maudlin whisper when it needs to be the loudest. We reverence the Examiner, as the representative of a class, as we do the not-yet-sober drunkard, who, with tears of repentance, puts his half-legible signature to the pledge, for, by God's help, a little while and we will see him standing upright in the image of his maker. Our respect for the Era is that which we should feel for the temperance man who signed the pledge without an effort, and skulks now about rum-shops, and slaps the seller on the shoulder, for a capital good fellow, barring a slight weakness, for the removal of which *he* will offend nobody, and use no harsh measures,—not he, the "true reformer."!

Daguerreotype Likenesses for Six Shillings.—Mr. Douglass, of Philadelphia, has called upon us to announce his arrival in town, and his intention to take daguerreotype likenesses at 51, West Broadway. Nobody certainly will complain of the price, and if all his pictures are as good as that of James and Lucretia Mott, which he showed to us, there will be as little cause to complain of them. Mr. Douglass is a coloured man, and for that reason deserves to be patronized. No little credit is due a man who can step beyond the circle prescribed for his class, and take as high a position as Mr. Douglass has in his profession. We would as soon make an appeal for a white boot-black as a black one, and indeed rather sooner, for the colour in that case is an advantage, as the world goes, but a coloured artist has the strongest prejudice to contend with, and should have, therefore, especial encouragemen.

☞ The Bucks County Intelligencer will find the letter from Hingham, which it copies, in the Standard of June 10th. The Home Journal, we presume, also found the letter in an exchange without credit, as they give none.

New Hampshire Election.—The Democrat and Freeman says that in the election of Tuck and Wilson in the first and third Congressional Districts of New Hampshire, "the doom of the dynasty which now rules this State is sealed for many long years to come." Both Tuck and Wilson are of the Hale school of politicians.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Weather and Crops.—Potato Blight.—The nations' kindness.—Continuance of distress.—George Combe—his Tracts on Education.—Pamphlet of Mr. Holmes, "The state of Ireland stated."—Expected arrival of the heartless body of the Liberator in Ireland.—Mrs. Nicholson, of New-York, the Graham woman.—A remarkable book of hers. entitled, "Ireland's welcome to the Stranger." Douglass's Mistake.—The Tartar, Dr. Cox caught.

Dublin, July 1st, 1847.

My Dear Gay:—Well, summer is come at last. And as if to make up for the delay, we are fairly roasted. We have a blazing sun, cloudless skies, gentle breezes, glorious verdure, light bed-clothes, open windows, red faces, and we are all ever so lazy. Everybody is congratulating everybody else on the beautiful weather, and the prospect of once more laying our longing eyes upon elegant fine potatoes. Our expectations of the harvest are raised to the highest pitch. From all sides I hear nothing but congratulations at the prospect of approaching plenty. It is no wonder that mercurial people like us should look forward with more than ordinary pleasure to a season of cheerful promise, after the terrible winter and spring that have passed over poor Ireland. And yet we should remember it was the beginning of August last year before the potato blast occurred. I think it was on the night of the third of that month, that a tremendous thunder storm swept over Ireland, and the following morning the potato plants, stalk and blossom, were found withered up, as if by a furnace blast. Some said the destruction was caused by electric agency, some by the ravages of an insect—but I believe the safest conclusion is that nobody knows anything of the cause, however abundant and experimental may be our knowledge of the consequences. I have seen them. Thou hast felt them, oh! Brother Jonathan. So has John Bull. He has grumbled a little, to be sure. But truly, he has paid like a prince. So has Pius the Ninth. So has his Sublime Highness, the Sultan Abdul Medjid. Doubtless this huge calamity has roused almost commensurate sympathy, and if it were not for selfish intriguers and soulless politicians, who fatten on the crimes and vices that they force into activity, I believe a compensation for much that Ireland has suffered would be found in the sympathy and brotherly kindness that have been directed towards her from all parts of the world. I have heard many say that until this calamity called forth the sympathy of all classes, they did not know so much kindliness existed even in the breasts of their own neighbours and acquaintances.—Many a one has evinced that he has a soul, though nobody before believed in its existence. Many an old hunk has proved, in the most undeniable way, that he was not such a very bad fellow after all. A grand revelation, truly! This "famine war" has applied the touch-stone to millions. I imagine there is an infinite number in Ireland whose experience has induced them materially to change their ideas of the true tests of goodness in others. They do not think so much of profession, party, sect, or costume as they were used to do. They will judge men in future, rather by their acts than the faces they make. Just as the slaves and the Abolitionists do.

You must not hastily conclude that, with the fine weather and our prospects of a plentiful harvest, all distress is at an end in Ireland. This is far from being the case. Disease and excessive wretchedness are still fearfully prevalent in the pre-eminently poor districts. A few days since I spent about an hour in listening to letters from various parts of the west of Ireland, written by credible witnesses, and representing a state of things nearly as bad as anything you have yet heard of. As the Government system of out-door relief is now in operation throughout nearly the whole island, cases of absolute starvation are, I should think, of rare occurrence; though this relief is so scanty, that those who have nothing else to rely upon must be badly off. The understanding is, that none but the utterly destitute shall receive this assistance. Those who are known to be in the receipt of even three pence a day from their own industry or the bounty of others, have no legal claim; and as nothing is given but food, you may ask where are the fuel and clothing, the soap and the commonest articles of furniture, to come from.

George Combe, that prince of Phrenologists, has lately published two capital pamphlets on the subject of education. They are pithy and full of good things. In one of them he insists on the duty of the State to provide such an education to the people as shall qualify them to be good men and useful citizens. He argues that as the State has nothing to do with the other world, it has nothing to do with the inculcation of such sectarian or religious doctrines as merely refer to eternity. These must be left to the parent or the pastor. It is their affair—as far as it is any one's business but the parent's. Not so with the inculcation of those principles of cleanliness, sobriety, self-restraint, honesty, industry, and so forth, upon which all are agreed, and which wise men in all ages have united to celebrate and recommend. In his second pamphlet, he points out the benefits to be derived from the inculcation of that morality which is deduced from the study of the "order of nature," and which the accumulated experience of mankind shows to be indispensable for the preservation of health and the attainment of "a sound mind in a sound body." He shows that the leaders of the sects dread the inculcation of this natural religion, which, so far from being inconsistent with, is indispensable to, the existence of practical religion under any name,—whilst on the other hand the scientific world, whilst they yield but a cold assent to religious dogmas, appear insensible to the high position to which they might aspire as the teachers of those noble lessons of true religion and practical morality, which may be inculcated by those who prosecute the study of science with a view to the elevation and education of their fellow-men. He declares that the lessons of the New Testament are consistent with the lessons to be deduced from the immutable order of nature; that in this, their value lies—and that in proportion as the dogmas or doctrines of any creed are discovered to be inconsistent with this order, in such a degree will they cease to command the enlightened veneration of mankind. Speaking of the mutual jealousy among the sects in England when any plan for the education of the people is proposed, and of the absolute necessity that the State should undertake the work upon principles consistent with the great principles of Christianity, but independent of sectarian influence, he remarks: "The elements of which a sect is composed are the points on which it differs from other sects; and its existence depends upon the success and assiduity with which it infuses a knowledge of, and reverence for, these into the minds of the young. It represents them as subjects of the utmost importance to their temporal and eternal welfare. In the estimation of its zealous leaders, they greatly surpass in practical as well as religious importance, the order of nature. If any sect were to cease investing its points of difference with the highest reverence in the estimation of its pupils, and begin to magnify the truth and utility of the doctrines in which all are agreed, it would commit *felo de se*. Its dissolution and fusion into the general body of Christians, would be inevitable and speedy. The more completely, therefore, the different sects obtain the command of education, the greater will be the obstacles to the introduction of the order of nature into schools." Is not that very good? He would not interfere with the rights of parents or pastors to inculcate any doctrines they think essential to the eternal welfare of the youth. But he insists that the education in schools established by the State, should confine itself to those points upon which all sects agree, and to the inculcation of that knowledge, without which no people can be healthy, happy, or truly enlightened.

Again he observes that "Practical Christianity and the laws of nature, physical, organic, and moral, present the same instruction and recommend the same line of action to all, and are, therefore, destructive of sectarianism. Hence the deadly cry of infidelity which all sects raise against them. Obedience to them is calculated to bind man to man, and nation to nation, by the ties of reciprocal interest as well as of affection and duty, and to bring all into communion with God. Our knowledge of them grows with the growth of science, and their influence increases with the augmentation of the prosperity which obedience to their dictates yields."

He thinks that much of the present difficult and anomalous state of Ireland may be attributed, amongst other acts of English folly and cruelty, to that enactment of the penal laws, by which it was forbidden to any Catholic to be a schoolmaster, with a view to throw the education of the Irish into the hands of Protestants, and thus make Protestants of them. The result was, that the people preferred no education whatever, to that which the law allowed them, and being left without secular education, they got none but that which the priests gave them on dogmatic points. In Combe's phrenological lingo, the organs of hope, veneration, and ideality, were brought into undue activity, without any counterbalancing influence, and the result is seen in a people greatly moved by their imagination, and blindly obedient to those who lead them by the influence of hope or fear, whilst they are too indifferent to the lessons of reason, prudence, and foresight.

Speaking of the selfish policy which up to a recent period England has pursued towards this country, he observes with great justice, that "from the first day of her oppression to the present time, every injury inflicted on Ireland, recoiled on her own head, and that at this time, Ireland is the source of her greatest weakness, anxiety, and suffering. She is paying eight millions sterling to save from starvation the victims of the system she has pursued, and does not yet discern the end of the retribution she has drawn upon her head." Every word of this is true, and Uncle Sam will surely find that this grasping and cruel ambition which has impelled him to the shameful and cowardly invasion of Mexico, will redound upon the heads of all those who have participated in, or consented to this wickedness. Every invasion of the order of nature, whether national or individual, great or small, is followed by its appropriate and commensurate punishment, as surely as fire burns and water flows. When the day of reckoning comes, (as come it will,) it will not be sufficient to plead that Popery prevailed in Mexico, or that the republican form of Government was in danger of becoming a monarchy, or that it was necessary to extend the area of freedom, or that the peculiar institution of the South required to be extended and established on a surer basis. Neither men nor nations ever yet did a wicked act without a successful attempt at self-deception,—vainly supposing that the end justified the means, and that the advantage aimed at was greater than the risk of punishment incurred. But Edmund Quincy will say I am preaching.

A Mr. Holmes, an octogenerian barrister of great eminence and ability, brother-in-law of the unfortunate Robert Emmett, has lately published a pamphlet, entitled "The State of Ireland Stated," in which he advocates the views of the Young Ireland party with much ability and eloquence. Of course he speaks with very little respect of the power of moral force for the attainment of any great national object, such as the repeal of the Union with England. He calls it a mere "evaporation plan," and relies with much more confidence upon monster-meetings, and such like displays of physical force. George Combe shows that these are a poor dependence, and that Ireland has little to thank them for. On the other hand, he asks, "What are the disappointments to avarice, the humiliations of baffled bigotry, the incessant consciousness of insecurity and weakness, and the lavish waste of treasure, which have followed from England's injustice to Ireland, but the sanctions of nature's moral laws, and the punishments which give reality and efficacy to the doctrine of moral force?" He looks upon the repeal of the English corn-laws by Cobden and his coadjutors, as eminently a triumph of moral power. He lauds the Massachusetts and the Irish systems of National Education.—He quotes Horace Mann, and Archbishop Whateley. I do not often trouble you with so much of what is not my own, so much that is better than I could say myself. But I was so struck by the excellent things that these pamphlets contain, that I could not refrain from telling you of some of them.

It is expected that O'Connell's remains will arrive in Ireland about the 20th of the present month. The Oriental Steam-Packet Company through their agent, have offered to convey the dead Agitator and his suite free of charge from Genoa to Southampton—from whence it is to be conveyed to Dublin in a steamboat chartered for the purpose. You are aware that the heart was taken to Rome by Dr. Miley and D. O'Connell, jr. I do n't believe that O'Connell himself had any voice in this strange appropriation. He had too much tact to think of sending a heartless body home to Ireland. This proceeding smacks so much of the bandying about of relics which prevailed in the middle ages that it probably had its origin in the fertile brain of Dr. Miley, who no doubt found something else to do when he arrived as the bearer of the funereal urn at the "Tombs of the Apostles." The funeral will probably take place in the middle of the excitement of a general election for members of Parliament. We have not had one for nearly six years. But under the present circumstances of the country, I imagine but little interest will be excited by this political crisis. I do n't think the political parties were ever more powerless for good or evil.

I told you some months ago about a Mrs. Nicholson, from New-York, who has spent two or three years in Ireland, and has travelled through a great part of the country, frequently on foot, visiting the poor, reading to them, and occasionally relieving their necessities. Well, she has just published her travels, and as this book will probably soon be republished in the United States, I would recommend you to read it when you can lay hands on it. It is a great curiosity. The style is the author's, and not founded on any model of ancient or modern times. The book is a good picture of the author—her enthusiasm, her energy, devotedness, and benevolent aspirations for the good of the poor Irish. It is entitled, "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," which is not very appropriate—for although she was often received with great kindness and hospitality, especially by the poor, who considered themselves complimented by the republican terms of equality on which she placed them, (and which they looked upon as great condescension,) yet she was frequently snubbed, and treated without much ceremony by the middle classes, among whom her lot was cast. These were startled and surprised to see a woman travelling alone, on foot, or in the humblest conveyances, and taking up her rest in the poorest lodging-places in town or country. We infer that she received much more ill-treatment and incivility than she relates—but I imagine that this was seldom or never the case, where the objects of her self-imposed mission were known and appreciated. The absolute deference paid to all (white) women, as white women, which is so striking a peculiarity of American society, is unknown here. Rank or money, not sex, is the talisman with us. Mrs. Nicholson has, I doubt not, often experienced this, and she is, very naturally, dissatisfied. I look upon her book as the best picture yet *published* of the mode of life of the Irish peasantry, and as she sympathizes with them warmly, and admires them with enthusiasm, her facts frequently contradict her conclusions. There is not much description of the country, but much of the people, their dwellings, and their habits, which may be fully relied upon. The whole book appears to me to be pervaded by a conscientious desire to tell the truth, and its circulation will be great indeed if it be commensurate with the philanthropy and disinterested devotion of the writer.

When I spoke of our cloudless skies, you must not imagine that I wish to convey that they are also clear. By no means. Our blue has generally a dash of white in it. I do n't think we have ten really clear days in one year, and whenever one comes, it is a sure sign that it will be promptly followed by heavy rain. Mrs. Butler, in her delightful "Year of Consolation," speaks with enthusiasm of the beauty of your skies, which she almost prefers to those of Italy. What with our clouds, and mists, and vapours, Lord Ross's telescope has an easy time of it—almost a sinecure. *Otium cum dignitate.*

I heard a wise man say a few days since, that Frederick Douglass never made a greater mistake, than when he sailed in the Cambria, instead of trying the matter at law with the proprietors of the Cunard Liners. The treatment he has lately received from some of your shabbier papers is revolting, from its meanness and malignity. But Dr. Cox knows that whoever catches Douglass has caught a Tartar, and doubtless these reptiles of the press would writhe as the Doctor did, if Douglass thought it worth while soiling his boots by treading them down.

Yours, RICHARD. D. WEBB.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry:* The Song of the Sword. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); The Chinese Junk, "Keying;" Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

First Page.—*Peculiar Institution:*—Slavery As It Is. Slave-Trading in Delaware. *Pro-Slavery:* The Spirit of the South; The Locos and the Abolitionists, &c.; The Presidency; Mr. Benton; Slave Case; The Wilmot Proviso—Peace with Mexico. *Selections:* One of the Causes; Mrs. Lucretia Mott; Letter from Dr. Cox, on American Slavery; A Mistake.

Second Page.—What is it but Treachery; Abolition; The End of the Tragedy; Public meeting at Fredericksburg; The Slaveholding Resolution of the Alliance; &c.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Fifteen Days later from Europe.—Arrival of the Britannia.

The Britannia arrived at Boston on Saturday last, with advices from London to the 3d, and Liverpool to the 4th instant.

We give the price of bread-stuffs, showing a decline, as the most important and most interesting intelligence.

	Per Britannia, July 3.
United States Wheat, per 70lb.	$2 04 a 2 25
United States Flour, per bbl.	7 90 a 8 28
Indian Corn, per quarter,	7 98 a 10 96
Indian Meal, per barrel,	4 00 a 5 00
	Per Caledonia, June 26.
United States Wheat, per 70lb.	$2 82 a 2 94
United States Flour, per bbl.	9 12 a 9 60
Indian Corn, per quarter,	11 88 a 12 98
Indian Meal, per barrel,	5 72 a 5 90
	Per Hibernia, May 19.
United States Wheat, per 70lb.	$3 57 a 3 68
United States Flour, per bbl.	12 26 a 12 50
Indian Corn, per quarter,	14 48 a 15 60
Indian Meal, per barrel,	——a——

The only other news of importance is that of a wanton attack of the English on the Chinese, for the advancement of civilization and Christianity of course.

General Items.

The Cincinnati Watchman asks for an insertion of the following:

Misterious Disappearance!—William A. Alter, a young man 17 years old, of a respectable family in this city, left his father's house on the 15th January last, without any conceivable cause or previous intimation, and without even a change of clothes, and has not since been heard from. What makes the event the more mysterious is, that he has always been a dutiful and affectionate son, of correct habits and morals. He is a young man of fair countenance and person, the height of a moderate-sized man, with blue eyes and dark hair, intelligent, active, and of respectable appearance and address generally. Any intelligence of such a person communicated to Charles Alter, Cincinnati, or *to this office*, will be gratefully received by his afflicted parents.

Attempted Abduction of a Slave.—The schr. Dolphin, Samuel Salyear master, of and from Newbern, bound to New-York, put into this port on Saturday in consequence of a runaway slave having been discovered on board. The slave, whose name is Edward, and belongs to Dr. J. Justice, of Newbern, was concealed on board through the agency of two of the crew of the Dolphin, (free coloured men,) named Tom Fortune and Funny Moore; and was discovered upon the information of the cook a free coloured man, named Jas. Corbell, who, from seeing one of the above named men frequently carrying water into the hold, stated the circumstance to the Captain, who directed a search to be made by the mate, Wilson Forbes, which resulted in the discovery of the slave. On the Dolphin's arrival here all the parties were taken before the Mayor, who, upon examination, committed the slave Edward, subject to the requisition of his owner; and also the two coloured men, Fortune and Moo[illegible] trial on criminal process for the abduction of the sla[illegible]. *Norfolk Herald.*

The Rev. David Fosdick, Jr. on Sunday morning last, read a communication to his people, resigning his charge of the Hollis street Church in Boston.

A Model of a Speech.—The Charleston Southern Patriot gives the following as a model of an address of welcome for those ingenious gentlemen who imagine they can distinguish the President from Mr. Polk:

"Illustrious Mr. President, and detestable Mr. Polk! In the former capacity we owe you the most profound respect—in the latter we feel for you the most sovereign contempt. As the Chief Magistrate of the dation, we bid you welcome to the classic shores of the Athens of America—as an individual we wish you a thousand miles off. Having thus given you *distinctly to understand* the rather doubtful and double position in which you are placed, if Mr. Polk will stay away, we shall be happy if the President will dine with the corporation at Faneuil Hall."

Abby Folsom preached a Fourth of July oration of two days' length, from her chamber window in Boston, commencing on Sunday, and getting through on Monday night.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New-York Tribune says: "By the way, a laughable incident occurred before his honour, Judge Parsons, the other day, which I think has not found its way into your city papers. George Munday, "the hatless prophet," as he is sobriequeted, came before him for habitual drunkenness, and Judge P. committed him as a vagrant.—George, who really speaks well, and when the "devil liquor" is out has a deal of the true man in him, protested against this. He said his fathers had contended for the inestimable privilege of trial by jury, and he demanded a trial by his peers on the question of fact. George was not a vagrant—he has a family—is a housekeeper, and can make a good living when he keeps himself sober.—Judge P. however persisted in the sentence. George retiring from the dock, exclaimed, "well, Heaven made religion, but the devil made *Parsons*." The Judge, instead of turning a deaf ear to the joke, sentenced the utterer to an additional six months for contempt. I learn that a purse has been raised to have this matter sifted—it is a grave one, and involves high constitutional privileges.

Died.

In Philadelphia, Joseph C. Neal, Esq. the Editor of Neal's Saturday Gazette aged 40 years.

In Paris, at the Hotel of the British Embassy, May 30th, Charles Kennaird Sheridan, Esq. son of the late Thomas Sheridan, and grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, an attaché of the Legation, aged 29. He combined all the gifts and qualities of his remarkable family,—wit, beauty, accomplishments, the graces of manner, and the charm of a cordiality the most sincere and genial.

At St. Etienne, (France,) May 29, the famous Marshal Grouchy, whose critical *absence* at the battle of Waterloo, decided the fate of the day against Napoleon, aged 81.

At Rome, May 19, Lady Dudley Stuart, second daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino. She married in 1824, Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, the active friend of the Greeks and the Poles.

In London, June 13, Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. B., formerly Governor of Nova Scotia, and more recently of Ceylon.

At his residence in Rutland, on the morning of the 27th ultimo Mr. Pearson Freeman, a coloured man.

The deceased was born a slave at Waterbury, Connecticut, the 9th January, 1761,—was sold as a slave several times, served three years in the Revolutionary War as waiter to General Cogswell, and as such, was in Maryland at the time of the surrender of Cornwallis—at the age of 27 he obtained his freedom—on the 24th of July, 1790, was married at Kent, Connecticut, by Rev. Mr. Day, of New Milford, to Miss Rebecca Moody, who was born in Woodstock, Connecticut, on the 30th of March, 1766, was a slave until 18 years of age, and survives her husband. While in Connecticut, he learned the trade of making soap and potash. In February, 1793, he moved from Kent with a little property to Rutland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from July 12th, to 19th. 1847.

Tiffany and Townsend, Elyria, O.	35	
John A. Andrew, Boston, Mass.	1 00	
Rev. James F. Clarke, " "	1 00	
Samuel Hall Jr., " "	1 00	
C. Cowing, " "	1 00	
A. M. Hunt, Southboro, "	1 00	
Dr. Estes Howe, Cambridgeport, Mass.	1 00	
David Spaulding, Borodino, N. Y.	2 00	
Lyman Baker, Marietta, "	1 00	
Benjamin Maxwell, E. Greenwich, R. I.	1 00	
J. H. Allen, Jamaica Plains, Mass.	1 00	
Mary Mott, Battle Creek, Mich.	1 00	
Abigail Mott, Albany, N. Y.	1 00	
Wm. French, Kingston, R. I.	1 00	
Jos. W. Butler, Newburyport, Mass.	3 00	
Maria Marriot, Hudson, N. Y.	1 00	
M. M. Hyatt, " "	1 00	
Miss Gardner, Boston, Mass.	2 00	
Geo. W. Green, Dedham, Mass.	1 00	
Thos. Sherwin, " "	1 00	
Dr. J. Stimson, Dedham Mass.	1 00	
S. H. Cleveland,	1 00	
Edmund Quincy,	2 00	
Ladies A. S. Society,	1 00	
Edward L. Keyes,	1 00	
Francis W. Bird, E. Walpole, Mass.	1 00	
Franklin Williams, Roxbury,	1 00	
Charles Hambleton, Calcutta, O,	1 00	
Isaac P. Hambleton	1 00	
		33 35
Total Amount,		$33 35

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

By a transposition of types in last week's paper, the donation of C. T. Hovey was made to appear as $1 00, instead of $100 00.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW-YORK.

Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave from Kentucky, and E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts, Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at the following towns and villages, in Columbia, Greene, Delaware, and Broome counties, as follows:

Hillsdale, Columbia county,	Monday,	August	2d
Hudson, "	Tues. & Wednes.	"	3d & 4th
Cario, Greene county,	Thurs. & Friday	"	5th & 6th
Freehold, "	Saturday	"	7th
Greenville, "	Sunday	"	8th
Durham, "	Mon. & Tuesday	"	9th & 10th
South Durham, "	Wednesday	"	11th
Batavia, "	Thurs. & Friday	"	12th & 13th
Windham, "	Satur. & Sunday	"	14th & 15th
Lexington, "	Mon. & Tuesday	"	16th & 17th
Blenheim, Schoharie co.	Wednes. & Thurs.	"	18th & 19th
Kortwright, Del. co.	Friday & Satur.	"	20th & 21st
Hobart, "	Sunday	"	22d
Bloomville, "	Monday & Tues.	"	23d & 24th
Delhi, "	Wednes. & Thurs.	"	25th & 26th
Hamden, "	Friday	"	27th
Walton, "	Saturday	"	28th
Deposite "	Sunday & Monday	"	29th & 30th
Windsor, Broome co.	Tuesday	"	31st
Conklin, "	Wednesday,	Sept.	1st
Binghampton,	Thurs. & Friday,	"	2d & 3d.

The meetings will commence at half past seven o'clock, P. M. and at two o'clock, P. M. when desirable.

Will the friends of the slave make all necessary arrangements in their respective and neighbouring towns to have the meetings well notified and attendance enjoined, and confer a favour on the cause of bleeding and imploring humanity.

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of American Society for New-York.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

J. W. Walker and N. N. Selby will attend Anti-Slavery Conventions in Southern Ohio as follows:

Harveysburg, Warren county, Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th.

Yankeetown, Clermont county, Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th.

☞ The above meetings will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., except that at Yankeetown, which will commence at 2, P.M. on the first day, and 10, A.M. on the second.

Let us come together at the Conventions with a desire and a determination to do something for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause in Southern Ohio.

S. BROOKE, *Gen. Agent.*

ANNUAL MEETING.

The next annual meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society will be held at New Lyme, Ashtabula county, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of August, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M.

Let the friends of Freedom come up in multitudes to the gathering! Let there be such an assemblage as will make glad the heart of the slave, and hasten the day of his redemption! Let all who can possibly attend, be there. At a time like this the friends of liberty have not a single man to spare. Now is the hour for action—zeal, energy, and firmness are needed now. We must not suffer the victors' shouts of triumph that come up from the plains of Mexico to drown the voices of those who are pleading for humanity. We must not allow the national exultation for triumphs upon the battle-field, and the frenzied love for military glory to roll over the land without an effort to restrain them.

Our duty is plain, our work is before us, and the present is ours to labour in. Shall we be faithful to the trust reposed in us, or recreant to the high duty we owe our country, the world, our brother, and our Creator?

Beside the advocates of emancipation in the West, we expect to have with us on that occasion, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, James N. Buffum, Frederick Douglass, Stephen S. Foster, and perhaps others.

LOT HOLMES, *Recording Secretary.*

NOTICE OF THE STATE MEETING.

The Tenth Annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of Eastern Pennsylvania, will convene in Norristown on Wednesday, the 4th of August. We trust that it is not necessary to urge upon the friends of the cause, the importance of this meeting, or the desirableness of a large and punctual attendance upon it. The present state of our country demands much at the hands of reformers, and the harmony which prevails throughout the society will enable us to make a strong and successful assault upon our common foe. The complacency with which the Mexican war is regarded by all parties, the encouragement which it receives from the *professedly* Christian Church, the seeds of moral death which it is sowing in the nation's heart, call loudly upon us for prompt and efficient action. A testimony against these sins, which shall be heard and *felt*, should go forth from our meeting, a voice which shall penetrate the sealed ears of the morally dead, and help to rouse the Church and the State from their dangerous slumbers. Let the friends of the cause, then, gather in numbers, and strong in heart, ready to devote time and money to the noble work of making the results of the meeting all that the exigencies of the times demand.

On behalf of the Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

Hayworth Wetherald, Secretary.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root* of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000.

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B Shaw,*
Ann. T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Anna R. Philbrick,*
Sarah S. Russell.	

☞ The list of names will be published in full, in subsequent numbers of the Liberator and Standard.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, & CHARLES LENOX REMOND.
Port Byron, Seneca Falls, and Canandaigua.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Port Byron, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27th and 28th, commencing at ten o'clock A. M. on each day; at SENECA FALLS, on Thursday afternoon and evening, July 29th, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M., and continuing through the day and evening.

On Sunday, August 1st, Lectures will be delivered at CANANDAIGUA, in the afternoon and evening by SAMUEL R. WARD, Frederick Douglass, and Charles Lenox Remond, and on Monday, August 2d, the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation will take place, in which all these gentlemen will participate.

These are the only meetings which FREDERICK DOUGLASS will be able to attend in our State before September. Let there be a general rally at all these Conventions, as I doubt not there will be. It will be a busy season of the year, but we must avail ourselves of such aid when we can get it, and make the most of it.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Farmington, 6th month, 12, 1847.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighborhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairy-maid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skillful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved of by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of man, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do.

NOTICE.
WARD, DOUGLASS, & REMOND. HO! WESTERN NEW YORK!!!

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August one and two, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Contributions for this Fair to aid the band of noble women whose names are attached to the call published in the Standard, to get up one worthy of the occasion, and of the cause, can be left at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Packages forwarded to the West should be directed to J. E. Jones, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and if sent by the northern route, which is the best one, they should be marked (care of Charles Bradburn, Cleveland, Ohio,) or if by the southern route, (care of J. M. McKim, No. 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.) And in all instances they should be on the way West by the 15th of July.

SAMUEL BROOKE,
General Agent.

PROSPECTUS.
THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

The Journals of the day may be divided into three classes—the Sectarian, the Partisan, and the Popular. Of the fifteen hundred serial publications in our land, I know of but two or three which pretend to be devoted to the cause of Truth on all subjects, unrestrained by sectarian or partizan interest, or by a desire, from selfish motives, to please the greatest number of readers. Those which are not controlled by some religious sect, or political party, or other society of exclusives, are decidedly of the popular class, and will defend no cause, however good, if it be unfavourably regarded by the mass; nor publish the honest opinions of any individual, if they be opposed to the general sentiment. Hence, the periodicals of the day, do not maintain an unreserved allegiance to Truth, on the triumph of which depends the greatest good of the human family. The cause of Truth demands Journals devoted to her interests, through whose pages the thoughts of every candid mind can be brought before the public and thoroughly canvassed.

To supply, in part, this desideratum, is the Herald of Truth projected. It will be emphatically what its name purports, a Herald of Truth, on all subjects, without reference to the interest of any exclusive sect, party, or society, or to popular considerations.

It will be devoted to the interests of Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Science, and Art. It will review such of the new publications as are of substantial value, and canvass all questionable doctrines that may be published. Philosophers have demonstrated the infinite Wisdom and boundless Benevolence of God in contemplating His Physical Universe, and it is time the same demonstration were made in relation to the mental world. In the former, the sublimest order is manifest, while in the latter, the debasement and miseries that afflict mankind, indicate the deepest confusion and disorder. He is not responsible for the evils of the mental universe, for man originated them, and by man they can and will be removed.

The discussion of the laws of our mental and physical organizations, and the necessity of obedience to them, as the only mode of human regeneration, will constitute a particular feature of the Herald of Truth.

It will engage vigorously in all the Reforms of the day which are founded in Truth, and as it will "hope all things" and "believe all things," for the final triumph of Humanity over all evil, the only limit to its aspiration will be the entire redemption of the human race.

The Herald of Truth is published *monthly*, in Cincinnati, containing *eighty* octavo pages, neatly printed on fine paper. It will comprise two volumes annually, of 480 pages each, and will be offered on the following liberal terms:

One yearly subscription, $3.00; two copies per year, $5.00; five copies per year, $11.00; ten copies per year, $20.00; twenty copies per year, $30.00. The offer of twenty copies for the extraordinary low price of $30, is made to those alone who form a club, and order the work to be sent to the same Post Office. A liberal discount will be made to Agents.

The Herald of Truth is placed on a firm basis by several individuals of great pecuniary power. It will appear promptly on the first of the month.

Papers copying this Prospectus a few times will receive the work. L. A. HINE, Editor.

A FINE PORTRAIT
OF THE
LATE REV. WILLIAM KNIBB,
OF JAMAICA.

Beautifully printed in Lithograph, coloured, and mounted. Size of the Portrait 9 1-2 inches by 13 1-4 inches. "This is decidedly the most truthful and spirited of the many Portraits that have been published of this distinguished advocate of the long oppressed slave, and will serve to preserve the memory of a great and good man."—*London Times.*

Price only One Dollar, (published in London for Five Dollars.) Imported, and for sale by

GEORGE VIRTUE,
26 John street, New-York.

July 2, 1847.—4tis

New Music.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off the Track, Drink from the Mountain Spring, Dear Father Drink no More, Grave of Bonaparte, Spider and the Fly, The Shepherd's Cottage, (with a likeness of Abby J. Hutchinson,) The Seasons, a Farmer's Song, Song of the Shirt, The Watcher, Little Maid, Humbugged Husband, Blind Boy, Anti-Calomel, Will You Come to My Mountain Home, Lament of the Irish Emigrant, Hebrew Maiden's Lament, Are We Almost There, Blue Juniatta, Indian Hunter, Glide on my Light Canoe, Man the Life Boat. All the songs, quartetts, glees, &c. of the Hutchinson Family, and other popular singers; also a full assortment of marches, waltzes, rondos, variations, &c.; music for the guitar, flute, &c.; instruction books for piano, flute, guitar, accordion, violin, tuning forks, Church music books, Bradbury's Floral Festival, Young Melodist, Young Choir, School Singer and Social Singing Books. Piano Fortes from $150 to $400, Coleman's Æolian attachment, &c. &c. &c.

CHARLES HOLT, Jr. Music Publisher
156 Fulton street, 2d door E. of Broadway.

May 8, 1847.—1y. is.

Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Fresh and new goods just received, consisting in part of shirting and sheeting muslin, bleached and brown; Manchester ginghams of superior quality, various [stye.
2d quality do. assorted patterns.
Calico, do. do.
Colored cambrics and Canton flannel, assorted colors.
Bleached and brown do. do. and table diaper.
Colored table-cloths, imitation of linen.
Cotton hdkfs. assorted styles.
Long and half hose, superior and heavy.
Apron and furniture check.
Cotton twilled pantaloon stuff.
Knitting cotton, various Nos. bleached, brown, and coloured.
Cotton laps and wadding, white and coloured. Also, cl
Refined loaf, crushed, and pulverized sugar.
Brown sugar good quality, of different grades, by the barrel, bag, or pound.
Sugar-house and West India molasses, good quality.
Rice, coffee, and chocolate.

Superior Teas, Selected with care, for family use or stores, viz: Fine Oolong, Souchong, and other black teas, Also, green tea of superior quality.

Various spices and confectionary, &c. &c. The whole stock exclusively of free labor goods, to which the subscriber would invite the attention of country merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR,
(Successor to Joel Fisher.)
Northwest corner Fifth and Cherry sts.
Philadelphia, 3d mo. 25th, 1847.—1y.*

Poetry.

[Copied by Request.]

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

(SUGGESTED BY THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.)

Weary, and wounded, and worn—
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst with a sad and terrible tone,
He sang the song of the sword.

Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die,
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry:
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament;
And fight! fight! fight!
Whilst millions of money are spent.

Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name,
And a tax too great to bear;
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
Whilst every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

War! war! war!
Fire, and famine, and sword;
Desolate fields, and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home, with never a shed;
Whilst kingdoms perish and fall
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
And all—for nothing at all.

Ah! why should such mortals as I,
Kill those who we never could hate?
'Tis obey your commander or die;
'Tis the law of the sword and the State,
For we are the veriest slaves
That ever had their birth
For to please the whim of a tyrant's will,
Is all our use upon earth.

War! war! war!
Muskets, powder, and ball!
Ah! what do we fight so for?
Ah! why have we battles at all?
'Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honour to keep;
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap.

'Tis Oh! that a Christian land—
A professedly Christian State,
Should thus despise that high command—
So useful and so great—
Delivered by Christ himself on earth,
Our constant guide to be:
To "love our neighbours as ourselves,
And bless our enemy."

War! war! war!
Misery, murder, and crime,
Are all the blessings I've seen in thee,
From my youth to the present time;
Misery, murder, and crime—
Crime, misery, murder, and woe;
Ah! would I had known in my younger days
A tenth of what now I know.

Ah! had I but known in my happier days—
In my hours of boyish glee—
A tenth of the horrors and crime of war—
A tithe of its misery—
I now had been joining a happy band
Of wife and children dear,
And I had died in my native land,
Instead of dying here.

And many a long, long day of woe,
And sleepless night untold,
And drenching rain, and drifting snow,
And weariness, famine, and cold,
And worn-out limbs, and aching heart,
And grief too great to tell,
And bleeding wound, and piercing smart,
Had I escaped full well.

But, though with such sorrow, and woe,
Thy progress must always bound,
Ah! would it were only below
That the fruits of thy curse could be found;
But war! war! war!
From all that I ever could see,
Full many a groan, in the future world,
Must be traced, I fear, to thee.

Weary, and wounded, and worn—
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
Whilst thus, with a sad and terrible tone
(Oh! would that these truths were more perfectly known)
He sang the song of the sword.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONCLUDED.]

The sun now arose, and his first beams fell upon a large tri-coloured banner, which was unfurled in the centre of the negro host. As the huge bright cloth was unrolled to the air, Vincent cried with animation: "As surely as these colours of freedom shall float before all men, so surely, my brother, wilt thou be great and prosperous, the deliverer of thy people, and thy name, a symbol of virtue, will shine on the pages of history!"

He could say no more; silently he received Toussaint's embrace. After a pause of some moments the latter exclaimed: "Sacred liberty shall ever be my guide. I will serve her forever! But should I ever forget that I am her son, warn me then, called me back, and I will return."

In the distance, upon the heights between Port de Paix and the Cape, the Commander-in-Chief had caused a permanent camp to be prepared, and thither the blacks directed their way. Behind them, in the mountains, were now heard cannon shots, probably signals at the discovery of Toussaint's defection.

As if swallowed by the earth, his whole troop had vanished, without leaving a trace, and no Spanish sentinel along the whole carefully guarded line, had caught sight of the deserters, as they slipped by the posts, for the most part crawling on the ground.

When at last the French camp was descried, Vincent hastened forward and informed General de La Veaux of the approach of his new allies. A few moments later the drums beat, the soldiers hastened to their arms, and when the glad news was known that many thousands of blacks had come to join them, and help them drive away both the Spanish and the English, then the lightly moving French blood was stirred. The enthusiasm of liberty seized all, young and old, high and low. The soldiers adorned their arms with palm branches, roses, and jasmines. The shouts of joy, the tears on all faces showed how deep was the feeling at the sure prospect now of salvation to the honour of France.—The brave soldiers who had been fighting for months, without shoes, or clothing, or bread, and who undismayed, swore to die for their country, now stretched out their hands as to the rising sun of deliverance, and could only cry, "Vive la patrie!"—Hunger, which a little while before waved his sickle before them, and death, were forgotten. They embraced the knees of their officers, and the bands struck up the hymns of liberty. Thus they met the mass of blacks, shouting, "Welcome, brothers! Welcome, citizens of freedom! Welcome, Frenchmen!" A thousand extravagancies were committed, the ranks were broken, the most trifling things were exchanged as tokens of friendship.

The camp became the scene of festivity at this new act of fraternity. The scanty allowance of bread, upon which the French soldiers had been put, was doubled, the last of the cattle slaughtered, and citrons, bananas, rice, and rum, were lavished as abundantly as ever. All was joy and hope. Many half-famished creatures from the neighbourhood, collected around. Men of all colours. They came from Port de Paix, a sick and emaciated crowd, who had gathered there as in a last asylum. Individuals were seen mingling in the rejoicings who had once been proud planters, and had never spoken to their slaves, but to say, "Up with the rascals and give them fifty blows!" or, "Put a chain shot to the feet of the rogue." Now they stood humbly at the fires where the food was preparing, and begged permission for the smallest share of the feast.—Some met again their former slaves, and historians mention it as a proof of the kindly nature of the negroes, these slaves, instead of triumphing over the misery of their former tyrants, they wept at the sight of their sufferings, and shared with them what they possessed. Besides, when the frenzy of insurrection was past, the African fierceness awoke only when the blood was heated by battle, or the orders of their leaders aroused it. Otherwise, the negroes were almost always good-natured and friendly; and certain as it was that it needed only a signal to make them massacre on the spot those men whom they were now treating as brethren, yet they barboured no falsehood, but were perfectly sincere and true. The effect of Toussaint's defection, who, from this moment held the fate of the colony in his hand, was visible that very day. The negroes streamed down from the mountains, and the Spaniards and their protége, Jean François, in vain sought to check the desertion. After a few weeks, as Toussaint had foretold, forty thousand blacks joined him, and when the war against the English and Spanish began, a hundred thousand men were under his command.

General de La Veaux, the moment he saw Toussaint approaching at the head of the blacks, dismounted, and stepped quickly towards him. The black leader instantly threw his hat and the insignia of his Spanish rank to the earth, and so stood humbly, yet proudly, before the delighted old General of the Republic. There was in this act of Toussaint's a confession of faith, which had the liveliest effect upon such a republican as De la Veaux. He embraced his new ally with such violence, that the coloured handkerchief round Toussaint's head fell to the ground, and the grizzled woolly hair was disclosed. The Commander-in-Chief then led the negro in triumph into his camp, and his dwelling, where to the most animated assurances of welcome, and oft-repeated protestations, succeeded a conversation in which Toussaint showed so much sagacity and information that De la Veaux exclaimed, "Never could I have believed that a woolly-headed negro, a slave without knowledge of the world, could speak so wisely and profoundly." He rose at last from his seat. "I have had a conviction," he cried, "that a man was to arise, who should lead his brethren to freedom and virtue, and civilization, a man, who should compel the admiration of the world. And this man is at last born, he stands at my side, here, my friends, here stands *the black Spartacus*, who conquers Rome while he exalts the eagles of liberty to the skies. He will be a true son of liberty. Yes, freedom! equality! fraternity! By my life, Citizen of the Republic, thou wilt consummate the success of the great cause."

But Toussaint, excited and carried away by this address, threw himself on his knee before the old General, and with uplifted hands exclaimed: "Godlike in virtue is De la Veaux!"

The black, white and mulatto officers, who witnessed this scene broke forth into tears and cries of joy. They fell into one another's arms weeping, and swearing that their country must be saved.—Even the women of Toussaint's family, who stood, timid and amazed, in the back ground, were drawn into the universal rejoicing. The old General embraced them all. Aimé was so proud and so happy that she laughed aloud, and would hardly let the old man go from her powerful grasp. Even Helen, in the excitement of the moment, became an enthusiastic patriot.

At the bidding of De la Veaux, a complete General's uniform was brought, and he himself helped to array Toussaint. "Citizen General," he exclaimed, "now you belong wholly to France. I bestow upon you the rank of a General of Division, in the name of the Republic! and I nominate you, my Lieutenant on this island!"

For a moment Toussaint could hardly suppress the glowing feeling of triumph, which spoke from his features, but the wonted composure of his demeanour soon returned. With a firm voice, he swore eternal fidelity to France, then turning to his generous protector: "From this day," he said, "a new life begins for me. I feel the whole importance of this hour, and I must cast from me every fragment of the memory of the past, and give a sign for the future. Born a slave—accursed be the word! and for the last time my tongue utters it, I was named from the plantation: Toussaint Breda.—I begin the career of Freedom I will lead my brethren in that path to virtue and wisdom, therefore let the Commander-in-Chief please to grant that henceforth I may be called *Toussaint l'Ouverture.*"

"So it shall be, Citizen General," cried La Veaux, and a loud stormy cry of approbation rose on all sides. "Toussaint l'Ouverture, the God of Justice and Liberty will be with thee, thou wilt open the way by which men shall attain to freedom and happiness."

At this moment the doors of the saloon were thrown open. The camp lay all around swarming with singing and rejoicing thousands; the setting sun shed his beams over them. An immense crowd surrounded the house of the General, and when the doors were open, and the revered black was seen in the arms of the white-haired old General, and all were frantic with delight at this reconciling moment, there rose a cry of jubilee to the very heaven, on and upward it rolled, and the stars might have asked: "Why disturb ye the still night with your wild dreams of happiness and peace."

VOLUME III.

CHAPTER I.

On a beautiful summer's day of the year 1798, there was a great carousing going on in the house of Jean Kinon, at the Haven harbour. Many tables were set out, full of seamen, who, after the privations of their sea life, were now enjoying whatever the Cape afforded: Fish and fruits, turtle from the Tortugas, strong liquor and fine cigars from Cuba, and in adition, the caresses of dark-skinned damsels, ever welcome to the sailor, and ever adroit, in getting from him his last penny. At other tables sate black soldiers, in blue coats, turned up with red, straw hats, with huge tri-coloured cockades, short calico pantaloons, and bare feet. They looked rather grimly at the white sailors with their short queues, for the girls would have nothing to do with the blacks, not merely because they were black, for most of them were young, and had red lips, and white teeth, but because they had no money, the grand essential of love and tenderness on this, our earth. At the door were seated some musicians, dark, dirty creatures of the Sacatra tribe, two women and two men. A dwarf, with red eyes, was striking a tambourine, which, to the wonder and terror of the negroes, he let whirl on the end of his finger, until it hummed again, for five minutes together; a strong, bony woman in rags, with a cloth bound round her lower jaw, sate, screeching out filthy songs from a corner. At her side, stood a fellow naked to his waste, who looked hungrily around, as he played upon a crazy lyre, and a small, but very ugly girl, who acted the vocalist, and every now and then, received a box on the ear, whenever, with secret envy and delight, she caught sight of the romping of the girls and sailors at the tables, and so forgot her task, and ceased singing.

Among his guests, and in the midst of all the uproar, was seen passing to and fro the black host, looking more mummy-dried than ever, and a satanic fire glittered in his small dark eye. At one time he paused among the mariners and sailors, at another, among the blacks, and then among some old acquaintances, smugglers, labourers, and thieves, the off-scouring of a glorious Past, who sate, stupid and savage, in a corner. Then, again, he would speak with the girls, who had the benefit of his advice, as he indicated to them those among the sailors who still had money left; and then he would stir up the musicians to greater efforts, and, to the great amusement of the spectators, give the lyrist a slap on his mouth just as the poor fellow had hastily crammed into it a piece of meat, which some sailor had thrown to him, busy as he was with his performance. He had for every one a witticism, and with every one he had to drink and say something; every one sought to detain him, and everywhere his retorts took effect.

But at last he retired to a smaller room, adjoining the principal room, and sate down at a corner window which overlooked the sea and a good part of the town. Here sate, at a long table, several dignitaries, boatswains, gunners, ship-clerks, and some small citizens from the town, all people of some years and corresponding gravity. The Republic had indeed ordained perfect equality and freedom, but she could not prevent certain distinctions, arising from the character and habits of living, nor annihilate in the minds of men a sense of what is fitting and distinctive in rank and place. While the seamen revelled and rioted, there were visible through the thick clouds of tobacco-smoke, the grave, wrinkled faces of the veterans, who, with queues as thick as one's arm, and white cravats, presented quite a venerable appearance. The French fleets were remarkable for the number of under-officers they had of this kind, men who felt like boys for the glory of their country. Here they sate now, smoking, drinking, and gossipping, prophecying events like great politicians, reading old newspapers from France, or listening to those who told of the siege of Toulon, the execution of Robespierre and his friends, of the new victories of the Moderates, of the Directory at Paris, of the young General Buonaparte, who had just then began his splendid career, and of the battles with the Germans, the Italians, Austrians, Spaniards, and English. Then opinions and voices would now and then get utterly confused, until a unanimous "Vive la Republique!" produced entire peace. At last the general attention was turned to the present situation of the Island. "Aye, my children," said an old artilleryman, very seriously, and looking very wisely around, "not only men, but countries, towns, trees, animals, everything, even a tarpaulin or a rocket-stick, in fine, whatever is, has its destiny. Yes, citizens, destiny! that is the great thing in life, to one it gives not even a hut and to another a throne."

"Down with all thrones!" growled an old bearded sergeant.

"If it is so, then destiny gives some people a commander's staff," cried a third. Look at Toussaint l'Ouverture, the General-in-Chief, the first of all black citizens. Has one ever seen a more impudent destiny!"

"Honour to genius!" said a philosophic ships-clerk. "I have never seen this black citizen, but he is coming to-day, and I was never so curious in all my life."

"Do you know how it will end, this blessed day?" said a citizen.

"Probably, replied a witty young man, who was just then drinking with a boatswain, "as every day ends, with an evening, my good Henri, and as I hope with a heavenly evening with my cinnamon-coloured Venus."

"Ah, Jacques," said the citizen, while the rest laughed, "O those pleasant times! when the Cape still had its large, rich mansions, before the black dogs—— -" here he clapped his hands to his mouth and looked round half laughing and half anxiously. "And how goes it now with your master," added he, with a raised voice, "Colonel Vincent, Adjutant of Citizen-General Toussaint? It is a pleasure to meet still with a true French heart and face, among these yellow, brown, and black faces, of which there is no end."

Jacques, whom the reader has reognized, assumed an air of extraordinary importance, better befitting the servant of one of the highest officers than a Republican. "My good citizen," said he, "if you only knew how much trouble it cost us to keep like a cork on the top of the water, when the wisest went to the bottom like lead, you would wonder.—But I often say to my master: Citizen Vincent, says I, a star has risen, which will show us the way, if we will follow it. The black Spartacus, as the old General La Veaux used to say, whom French Raynal foretold, as coming to avenge his brethren, he, I say, has come, and we must let ourselves be dragged along with his fortune."

"Holloa!" shouted the boatswain, "stop a bit, Jacques. "This gentleman," pointing to Jacques, "is my cousin, the faithful friend and attendant of Brigadier-General Citizen Vincent. He can best tell us how things have gone latterly, which we should all be right glad to know."

"Cousin," replied the flattered Jacques, "I'll tell you anything you wish to know, only not about recent events, for you know that I was in Paris with the Colonel and Citoyenne Vincent, who, by the way, would like to have stayed there. We carried the two sons of the Commander-in-Chief to France, Isaac and Placide l'Ouverture, to be educated there; we had some business, too, with Director Barras, who detained us so long that we hardly escaped the English upon our return; they wanted to catch us; for they had been told that we had important dispatches with us.—Ah! I kept quiet. If we had been taken, we should have gone to London, a city I should like very much to see."

"Begin at the beginning," interrupted the boatswain, "and don't talk of England, where no Frenchman should wish to be. Tell us rather, whether it's true that General Toussaint first flattered old Gen La Veaux like a dog, and then brought it about that the old General had to quit the Island?"

"Calumny!" cried Jacques, "infamous calumny! my worthy citizen. I know all about it. You know very well that when General Toussaint left the Spaniards and came over to us, he soon stood at the head of a great army of blacks. The Spaniards were no longer able to keep the mountains. Everything that belonged to the Republic Toussaint gained possession of, almost without a blow, and the negro General, Jean François, with his bands, was annihilated at once."

"Where has the bloody scoundrel gone?" asked one of the citizens.

"Poh!" said Jacques, "the black rogue is Count, and Grandee, and Knight, and Heaven knows what. Citizen Vincent supposed lately that he was still treated with great honour by the Spaniards, and that they have intended to send him to Spain, as he could no longer be of any service here."

"But General La Veaux," said a Corporal of Marines, with a grave voice, "what became of that brave citizen?"

"The war turned next against the English," continued Jacques, "and defend themselves as they might, they had to retire to the coasts and are set down there, in the town and forts. But General Toussaint had became a General of Division, and had more power than any other, for he was followed by a hundred thousand niggers, whom no one else could command. But when a man," he added, laying his finger to his nose, "when a man, I say, has a more natural opportunity than another, to become great, then comes a confection of passions which burst all bounds. Understand?"

The whole company stared in silence at the speaker. Some at last nodded, others winked and smiled, because they fancied that they best understood what was meant, and only the boatswain struck his tarry first upon the table, and exclaimed: "The devil take your confection of passions! I'll eat six inches of tarred rope for dinner if I understand a syllable."

"Because you are not diplomatic, cousin," cried Jacques, smiling proudly. "The definition of it is just this: Toussaint knew that he had ten times as many soldiers and as much power as La Veaux, who, however, was still Commander-in-Chief, and it made him so vexed, that his inner man grew all fiery with passion, until this was hot enough to burn up all sense of obligation.

"Then is he a thankless dog!" cried the Corporal in a rage.

"Keep cool! Citizen," exclaimed Vincent's confidant. "General La Veaux was Commander-in-Chief, and would still have been, if the Commissary Santonax had not landed here with another colleague."

"That was the new civil-commission," said one of the citizens, "that did the mischief, for when they came, the war died away at the South, and the mulattoes dragged the blacks to the plantations, and made them work as slaves."

"The yellow Rigaud," cried another, "that's a fellow with iron hands and teeth. He said to the Commissaries, said he: 'Don't come here and mix yourselves in my affairs; I have reduced the blacks to order; they work again and are obedient. The English, too, I have locked up in Grande-Anse, and other cities, and will soon be quit of them altogether. I need neither your money nor your advice; the yellow colour is here in the South the ruling one, and we will let neither the black nor the white gain the better of us; but good Frenchmen will we ever be, faithful children of the Republic.' I have a good friend who saw how the Commissaries and their agents cleared out from the South. They were not sure of their lives, because they had proclaimed the equality of the blacks. But the end was, that Rigaud maintained his ground. The negroes, after a couple of hundred of them had been cut down or hung up, had to work on, and the Commissaries had to bless their stars that they got alive to the North, where the free slaves worshipped them with tears and prayers, and called them their benefactors."

"Because the rabble were maintained at our cost without needing to work——" murmured a third.

"And where is the whole Civil Commission now?" exclaimed Jacques, scornfully. "Citizen Giraud, the soft-hearted man, who could not look at blood, went first; then followed M. Leblanc, who went off in a ship with poison in his body, and when dying insisted that Santonax had administered it; at last it came Santonax's turn too, who fared just like La Veaux, and now we have none of them here but the mulatto Commissary Raimond, the rich planter, and his son-in-law, the Secretary Pascal, who both do just what the black General bids."

"But the devil take it!" cried the boatswain, "tell us understandingly how it happened."

"Cousin," said Jacques, "when one feeling is growing up and meets another feeling, or a mere sensation, which is like it, or resembles it, what does it do?"

"I don't know," replied the sailor, "but if they are good friends, they will just shake hands and go on together."

"Wonderful!" cried Jacques, "you have spoken a word of immortal truth and wisdom. Well, now, suppose two ambitions meet, and one said to the other: Help me, brother, and I will help you, so the other will say: with great pleasure, dear brother, and so they will go on together, until once the road becomes too narrow, and then one must be thrown overboard, and that will alweys be the stupider.—Understand?"

"How so?" said the boatswain, with a stare.

"I see very well," said Jacques, with a look of despair and sympathy, "that all diplomatic circumlocutions are lost upon you, so just hear the matter in the plainest terms. Santonax, the same one who had been here before with Polverel, and to whose patriotism we are indebted for the burning of the Cape, was sent here again, with Raimond, the rich mulatto, and Leblanc, and Giraud, for his old colleague, Polverel, had died, and in the arms of his son, whom Gen. Galbaud had taken with him to America, but he had got to be free there. But Santonax wanted to get quit of his colleagues at any price, and he found that the best way was to connect himself with General Toussaint for that purpose. You get me rid of my enemy, I'll get you rid of yours," said he; "help me to pack off the other Commissaries, and send them to France, and I will contrive to make old La Veaux leave the Island, and then I'll appoint you Commander-in-Chief. How all that has succeeded, citizens," he continued, with the wonted, mysterious air of a person of importance, "I cannot more minutely explain, but only this much I will say: Santonax was soon the soul of the whole administration, for Raimond, the only Commissary that remained, troubled himself about nothing, and Pascal, his son-in-law, and Secretary of the Civil Commission, was the intimate private Secretary of General Toussaint l'Ouverture, who was appointed by Santonax successor of old La Veaux, and the latter was appointed by the citizens of the Cape at the suggestion of Santonax, member of the Legislative Assembly at Paris, and left the island, without seeing through the trick, but things took a new turn with Santonax. The moment Toussaint had got what he wanted, he was no longer the rival of the old General, but of the proud, ambitious Commissary himself. Citizen, permit me to be silent as to the cause of these great intrigues, but I'll tell you only so much: Citizen Santonax found himself suddenly appointed, just as La Veaux had been before him to the Legislative Assembly, and General Toussaint wrote him a polite letter, requesting him to start immediately for France and assure the Government there that peace was entirely restored in St. Domingo, that commerce and liberty flourished, that the English would soon be chased entirely away, and that there would be no necessity whatever of sending hither any more Civil Commissions. Then it was, fellow-citizens," continued Jacques, with an air of pride, "that Colonel Vincent was sent to France with General Toussaint's two sons, and I had the honour of accompanying him. We carried the children thither, as hostages to the Republic of our fidelity, that I heard with my own ears, when the Commander-in-Chief took leave of my master, and then we were directed to vindicate the proceedings of the General, to justify the sending Santonax away, and to compose all diplomatic differences."

"Now, citizen," said an old ship's clerk, "if you mean that the Colonel was to get the Directory to allow the black General to have full play, and conduct just as he pleases here, and send no one else here from France, the Colonel had only his trouble for his pains, for we have just brought here within a few weeks, General Hedonville, to be Governor-General."

"As Agent-General, you mean, of the Directory," cried Jacques, laughing. "But do you just see, whether it will not fare with him as with the others."

"He will see to the laws of the Republic, that they are obeyed," exclaimed the Marine Corporal. "And he will look to the devilish old nigger, who plays the cat here," added another. "Hedonville has grown great in the service of his country, and he fears not the tricks of this black monster."

"If he is not afraid," said Jacques, "why did you first put him on shore at St. Domingo, and why does he fall to negotiating, before he trusts himself here?"

"Because he did not know how far the negro's power had got," said the Sergeant.

"Do you know what our young officers call your black General?" asked the Corporal: "the hooded Ape! because he ties a cloth round his head like a nightcap."

"Honour to the man! citizen," cried an old seaman. "Honour to the genius which has raised him from a slave to be Commander-in-Chief."

"He is a son of luck!" cried a forward youth.—"One only needs luck in this world, and he may get to be the Great Mogul."

"But not a General of the French Republic!" replied the boatswain. "This negro is an extraordinary man."

"A hooded Ape!" shouted the Corporal.

"Let him take care," said another, "that he does not lose his night-cap, which he wears in broad day."

"And that they do not carry him off to Paris, and show him for money," cried a half-intoxicated fellow.

"He comes here to-day, they say, to receive General Hedonville. The whole squadron is lying here still, ten frigates, corvettes, and brigs. They might pack him and his accomplices up, and take them all off with them."

The old host, Jean Kinon, who had been listening to the latter part of this conversation, now laughed out in his hoarse way, and cried, "take him off! take off the black Toussaint! very cunning man he, O! very cunning man; does great harm, great harm to all, great harm to poor Jean Kinon."

"What the devil!" cried the boatswain, "you old stock-fish, isn't your house crammed with people above and below deck? And isn't the General a nigger like yourself?"

"An old friend of mine, too," said Jean Kinon, with a grin, "good old friend, used to sit here often and say: 'Brother, Jean Kinon, a sweet cake, if you please.' Ah! how happy poor Jean was when his brother became a great man. But a plague upon him," he continued, "he acts badly, the good brother, forbids the coloured folks to get drunk, they must all be like himself, must not love rum or the house of poor Jean Kinon. Makes the blacks labour, and drill, and gives them no money, makes laws that all the taverns shall be closed at ten o'clock, and poor Jean Kinon is famished."

"Aye, aye," said the Sergeant, "that is a universal complaint. The negroes are carried back to the plantations, and there they commence their old slave life again in the sugar-mills, and they are flogged and skinned, to their heart's content, with only this difference, that now they work and are slashed to pieces for black masters. But just wait a little, that will all be changed. Hedonville is not a man who will let himself be trifled with, he'll send the Ape to France, and then all this will be over."

A horrible uproar now arose in the house, and broke off the conversation. The black soldiers and sailors had got to loggerheads. Knives glittered, and sabres, and bayonets, while chairs and glasses were flying in every direction. The screams of the girls were heard at intervals, and a general battle could not very speedily be prevented, as the remonstrances of the Sergeants and under officers of the fleet had very little effect, and as it was considered moreover, an especial pleasure to give a parcel of negroes a pretty sound drubbing. The victorious sailors had got possession of the field, but the blacks receiving a reinforcement of their own colour, just returned from a drill, the battle was renewed to the disadvantage of the seamen. Severe wounds were inflicted, and the savage spirit of the Africans being aroused, would, perhaps, have left not a man living if at this crisis a troop of horsemen had not dashed down the strand, at whose head was a man, whose appearance even in the distance, had brought the furious combatants that surrounded the house, and were shattering doors and windows, to a speedy cessation of hostilities.

(To be continued.)

From the N. Y. Herald.

THE CHINESE JUNK "KEYING."

We paid a running visit to this great curiosity yesterday, by invitation of Capt. Charles Kellett, her polite and obliging commander. Her interior appearance was striking and unique; and such was the anxiety of the people to catch a glimpse of the strange "craft," that the steamboats passing to Staten Island were crowded by thousands during the day. The interior was not accessible to the public, inasmuch as it was not prepared for exhibition. On nearing the "Keying," called in Chinese something like "Hobblee," the first points which attract the attention are the peculiar formation of her sides, stern, and bow. The centre of the sides are low, while her poop and forward decks are very much elevated. The sides are ornamented with Chinese painted mats, representing shields, and with curiously wrought colours displayed in white, black, and red. Near the bow, on either side, is drawn a large eye, as though it was designed for the "Keying" to look ahead, as well as to sail. It may be also be recollected that the "Keying" is nearly square in front and rear, and has a huge stick of timber hanging loose, and perpendicular, at the stern, which is lowered or raised by rattan cordage properly attached. To this huge piece of timber is attached a perforated rudder, which can be let down twenty-two feet into the water. When we were on board, it only rested twelve feet below the surface. This curious rudder serves the purpose of a keel, as the vessel itself has scarcely any worth the name. She has two anchors made of iron wood, and the flukes guarded with iron points. The shape of the anchors is that of a bearded arrow-head, the flukes forming acute angles with the main shaft of the anchor. She has four long wooden windlasses on board, placed near midships, with one in the front of her bow, at top, for easing the anchor, when cast off. All her ropes and cable are curiously formed of rattan and other native fibrous materials, and appeared very strong. Her centre and main mast are formed from teak wood trees, as they grew in the forest, the outer surface being only polished. The sails are composed of a kind of India matting, and when unfurled are kept stretched by the use of bamboo rods. As Chinese do not like going aloft, they do all their reefing of sails, &c. on deck. So much for the external appearance of this bit of architectural contrivance from the Celestial Empire. It is, on examining the interior, the chief wonder commences. We laboured under the double disadvantage of neither understanding Chinese, their nautical phrases, (or indeed, the nautical phrases, to any extent, of any nation,) and we can only describe things as they appeared to us for the moment, which must also be brief, for we have no room to tell of all we saw. As to the thirty-five Chinamen on board, we presume they were as respectably dressed and as good looking, as persons of the same rank appear in the ancient empire. Many of them wore short, big trousers, loose cotton jackets, and carried small flat caps on shaven heads. Some of their perukes reached in plaits nearly to their heels. Their features are striking, and like all good looking Chinamen, their eyes seemed set in angles, like the letter V, the nose commencing at the point of the V. We were shown many curiosities on board. Among the animals we saw two Chinese dogs, with tongues nearly as black as ink, and the whole inside of their "chops" looking as though they had been lapping a soup made of lamp-black, and this colour was perfectly natural. These dogs were the remnants of six others. There was also a monkey, the last of a colony shipped on board. There was also a flock of pigeons, all the way from China, flying about the vessel. The China cook had made way with the pigs. In the saloon, the greatest number of inanimate curiosities were to be seen. We were amused with Chinese invitation and visiting cards, which consisted of thin wooden boards, about a foot wide, and about six feet long. These, when used, are carried on the shoulders of men through the streets. The name, or message, is inscribed in large letters on one side of the board. In the same room were curious specimens of carved wood-work, representing a man on horseback, and the likeness of a Chinese dignitary. There were also two fishermen carved from the roots of a tree, while the general arrangements of the roots were not disturbed. There were, also, specimens of Chinese double swords, or of two swords fitted together in the same scabbard; also Chinese muskets, with their curious match locks. In this saloon we also saw the guilded image of "Josh," a Chinese Idol, in the form of a woman with eighteen arms, in every hand of which was held something different from the others. In front of the idol were two small images, looking as if they were priests, one of whom was prepared for holding a light, and the other with the hands clasped seemed to be in the attitude of prayer. In a room on the poop deck we saw another idol, called the "Sea Josh," or "Sinhow," as well as we could understand the term. In this room were some paintings of fine Chinese ladies in full length, one of whom was in the attitude of smoking an opium pipe. There were also specimens of curiously formed opium pipes on board. We saw not a particle of glass about the vessel. There were skylight frames above the saloon, or poop deck room, formed out of thin pieces of oyster shells, or coarse pearl shells, and fitted in wooden frames, a foot or two wide and four or five feet long, which served for sky-lights. A considerable curiosity was a real umbrella, intended for the use of persons of wealth and rank; the staff was about the size of a man's wrist, and five or six feet long: near the top was a rude ornamented frame work, something like a common umbrella; over this is thrown, when in use, a richly ornamented scarlet silk cover. This umbrella is said to be carried by a servant, and held over the party requiring its protection. When not in use the silk covering can be taken off, and folded up for future use. There was not a water barrel, or other keg or barrel, to be seen on board. The water tanks were all formed of solid teak wood, and were very tight. The vessel is divided by teak bulkheads into five water-tight compartments, so that they would all have to be filled by leakage before she could become water logged or sink. The captain not being on board, we were politely received by the second officer, who kindly conducted us through the strange "craft," even through the peculiar caboose, where the cook, a Chinese, was preparing dinner, and who told us, through the interpreter, that he wished to get the situation of a cook in New-York. Besides the cook, we saw the Chinese professional artist, or painter, who was said to have reached the head of his profession at home; he was a man of fifty-six, and so attenuated, as to be a match for Calvin Edson. He had no easel before him; but his canvas (silk or paper) lay flat on a table before him, over which he moved and held his pencil in a perpendicular manner. In the saloon was a procession scene in honour of the Emperor, the work of the artist. The Chinese artists are also fond of caricature, and have a love for the ludicrous. In one place is seen a picture representing a fat Chinamen on horseback, and another trying to ride double on the same horse behind him, and can only keep his place by holding on to the peruke or cue of his fat companion in front, who is anxiously urging the horse forward. Everybody knows that the only deficiency in Chinese artistic skill, is the want of perspective. The floor of the saloon was painted over with images of red fish, and all manner of things in all manner of shapes. We have not room for further details. When arranged for exhibition the whole will present a scene well worth visiting. The vessel itself is a great curiosity, and there are some things about her sailing qualities quite contrary to what might be expected. The officers stated, that although they had some very rough weather, she kept remarkably dry, and never shipped a sea. That they were never in a vessel before that had as little motion. That a lady who had never been to sea, would scarcely feel the effects of sea sickness. In rough weather she was remarkably easy. Before the wind, they said they could sometimes make twelve knots per hour. That properly rigged she would sail very well. They said they were detained three weeks in the straits of Sundy by contrary winds and currents. Her planking and everything else is put together in a different style from the methods we adopt for doing similar work; and though rudely built, all is exceedingly strong, and well put together. Our shipwrights had better examine the manner of her make, &c. as they may, though termed by the Celestials, as outside "barbarians," gather some hints that may prove useful. We understand that Capt. Kellett intends, in a day or two, moving the Keying from her present anchorage to a point near the city, for the purpose of exhibiting her and contents. On board the Keying are Chinese, small boats, and also a perfect model of herself, made by Chinamen, Among the Chinese on board are several mechanics, such as carpenters and other tradesmen.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers

O'CONNELL'S HEART.—The Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, on the 28th ultimo, says: "The 'pilgrims of the heart,' to use their own phraseology, arrived on Monday, and proceeded at once to the Irish seminary with the contents of the silver urn, which I saw to-day deposited in the vestry-room of the church adjacent, called St. Agatha del Goti (of the Goths.) The associations and reminiscences connected with this spot are no means Irish, it having been since the time of the Gothic Arians, a den of heterodoxy: indeed, Gregory the Great calls it, '*Spelunca pravitatis hereticæ*,' (lib. iii. epist. 19.) The seminary itself is far from realizing the character of a national institution; it was got up a few years ago by a Dr. Blake, whose impracticable temper it had to contend with till his removal, and the appointment of the present mild and considerate President, Dr. Cullen, but it is by no means an improvement on Maynooth.

O'CONNELL'S REMAINS,—PROBABLE ARRIVAL IN IRELAND.—A letter has been received in Cork from a very intimate friend of the O'Connell family, which states that the remains of the "Liberator" are not expected to reach London before the middle of July. The cause of this delay, the writer attributes to the succession of obsequies which are expected to take place in every town through which the body of the illustrious dead will pass. Having reached London, the letter farther states, the funeral procession will proceed through Birmingham and Liverpool, at which place a special steamer will be in waiting to convey the "Great Tribune's" remains to the metropolis of Ireland, which they are not expected to reach before the end of July.—*Cork Examiner.*

TESTIMONIAL TO THE ORIGINATOR OF PUBLIC WASH-HOUSES.—On Monday afternoon, a gratifying testimonial was presented to Mrs. Catherine Wilkinson, the originator of public wash-houses, and at present the matron of the Corporation Baths and Wash-houses, in Upper Frederick st. in this town. A large party was invited at the mansion of C. Lawrence, Esq. Mosley-hill, to witness the presentation. The Mayor and his lady, Mrs. Earle, of Spekelands, and other branches of the family of the respected and worthy host and hostess, Mrs. Wm. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Tinne, and the members both old and young, of several of the families of the neighbourhood, attended on this interesting occasion. Mrs. Wilkinson was led to a chair, handsomely decorated with flowers, by Mr. Lawrence, who pleasantly observed that though it was June, he would crown her Queen of May. The day being fine, tables with refreshments were laid out on the lawn in front of the house, after which the testimonial was presented, consisting of a silver teapot, cream jug, spoons, and china tea service, and tray, inlaid with pearl. On the teapot and cream jug there is the following inscription:

Presented by
The Queen,
The Queen Dowager,
And the Ladies of Liverpool,
To Catherine Wilkinson.
1846.
"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

THE RIDDLE.—The Bishop of Salisbury, England has given to the world the following riddle, and offers a reward of £50 for its solution:—

I sit on a rock while I'm raising the wind,
When the storm is abated I'm gentle and kind;
I have kings at my feet who wait but my nod,
To kneel in the dust on the ground I have trod.
I am seen by the world, and known by the few;
The Gentiles detest me, I'm pork to the Jew;
I never have spent but one night in the dark,
And that was with Noah, alone in the ark.
My weight is three pounds, my length is one mile;
And when I'm discovered, you'll say with a smile,
That my first and my last are the best of the isle.

UNANIMITY OF JURIES—It is always to be borne in mind, that the required unanimity is, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, nothing more or less than a required falsehood or perjury. The verdict is sometimes the verdict of the majority, and sometimes the minority, sometimes of a single wilful or wayward individual, often holding some speculative opinion paramount to the obligation of his oath. The law intends the unanimous verdict to be accordant with the oath; but what does justice get in such cases as we have alluded to? A verdict against the evidence and the oath, dictated by the obstinacy and prejudice of one man, and submitted to with the false pretence of unanimity.—*Examiner.*

STOLEN GOODS—A negro in Jamaica was tried for theft, and ordered to be flogged. He begged to be heard, which being granted, he asked, "If white man buy stolen goods, why he be no flogged too?" "Well," said the Judge," so he would."—"Dere, den," replied Mungo, "is my massa,—he buy *tolen goods; he knew me tolen, and yet he buy me.*"

One piece of intelligence, which we have seen in two or three Irish papers, is very lamentable; we mean the deaths of clergymen's wives, fever stricken while ministering to the sick among their husbands' flocks. Such women realize the character which Dr. Johnson described as the noblest in the world—that of "the Christian gentlewoman."

AMO.—A negro from the Coast of Guinea was taken to Holland, and thence to Germany. He became a Doctor of the University of Wittenberg, a Councillor of the King of Prussia, and was the author of some Dissertations on the Rights of the Blacks. He returned to, and died in, his native country.

LIKE WAGES LIKE WORK.—The ill paid man hae usually become an inferior workman. Of this ths following homely illustration, mentioned at a late farmer'sclub, is an instance. "Whilst inspecting a farm in one of those pauperized districts, an able agriculturist could not help noticing the slow, drawling, motions of one of the labourers there, and said, 'My man, you do not sweat at that work.' 'Why, no, master,' was the reply, seven shillings a week is n't sweating wages."

EXECUTION OF ANNE BOLEYN.—This unfortunate Princess, who consented to marry that Blue Beard King, Harry the Eighth, after he had already killed something less than half-a-dozen of his former wives because he was tired of them, was humanely allowed for her executioner, a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to be uncommonly skilful in cutting off heads. It is probable that the following incident may have been proved by tradition in France, from the account of the executioner himself: "Anne Boleyn being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes bandaged, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the minister who assisted in the execution could obtain, was that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them every moment, the executioner was fearful of missing his aim, and was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the Queen: he drew off his shoes and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, and made a great noise while walking; so that this circumstance drew the attention of Anne. She turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this circumstance to strike the fatal blow without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eye of the loved but unfortunate victim.—*Houssate's Memoirs.*

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